

THE
Augustan Review.

Nº. XX. FOR DECEMBER, 1816.

ART. I.

Public Affairs.

THE effect of the late extensive warfare in exhausting the resources of nations, is far more striking now than it was at any time while the war lasted. Men and money seem to have sunk together into their native earth; the cupidity of princes, if not quite satiated, is at least repressed; and nations, admonished by their wants, no longer pant for military glory. Nowhere in Europe is a redundant population to be found. Emigrations, it is true, still take place: but the emigrants are individuals seeking to escape from poverty and discontent; not colonies sent out for national purposes. As to finance, Governments, after expending, for many years, a great deal more than the maximum of their incomes, are now sitting down so loaded with debt, that the severest retrenchment and the strictest economy will be indispensably requisite for a period quite indefinite — a retrenchment ill accommodated to the comforts of many persons in the inferior stations of life — an economy little suited to the habits of such as move in its higher walks.



What number of men has each of the late belligerent powers lost since the year 1793? How much money has each expended during that period? A man not altogether satisfied with the present posture of affairs might get rid of these queries by answering, *Almost all their men, and a vast deal more than all their money!* for it is one of the peculiarities of money, that you can spend it whether you have it or not. One, however, who should be willing to go deliberately into the inquiry, would soon discover that all of neither of the two great sinews of war had by any means been sacrificed. What that country is which might be found to have made the smallest sacrifice, we do not say; we only observe, that its losses have been great enough, in a proportion equal, in all conscience, to its gains. Nor need we tell those who have been able to read plain English for a few years, that of all the losses which the war has occasioned, that of the French has been the heaviest; unless human life is to be estimated as we do the materials of war, and other dry goods. The post-obit price of a stout, upright, well-trained German, has usually been fixed at 30*l.*: that is, our King has usually had to pay 30*l.* to the Electors of Hanover, Hesse, and other continental Princes, for every man who could not stand muster at the close of a war — the only period, by the way, at which the Germans can well be said to have enjoyed the unspeakable benefits of an *habeas corpus*. But as it is not with Germans so much as with the French that we now have to do, we advert to the latter, and observe that, from the alacrity with which the Jacobins entered into the ingenious schemes of their rulers for murdering, and massacring, and getting rid of their countrymen, as well as from the *sang froid* with which they used to march *en masse* upon an enemy's artillery, they must have rated human life at much less than the princes north of the Rhine ever did. It is highly probable, indeed, that under the republic they reckoned a man worth no more than about 15*l.*, which, to a regular dealer, must have appeared a

most alarming depreciation. Such dealer would, however, be happy in observing that matters did not very long remain in that discouraging state. The adventurer who has taught Europe to fight so well, having set a higher value on a devoted soldier's life than had been done by the villains whom he displaced, those whom he dragged to slaughter soon came to stand, in the general estimation, at full 20*l.* a head. Multiplying, then, the number of men killed under the republic (*vide*, we know not which, the *Moniteur* or the *Morning Post*) by 15, and those disposed of by the emperor by 20, and adding the product of both to the amount of the financial expenditure, (for which see the budgets of almost every country on the continent,) we get a total of the costs of the late war as correct as most people can desire, at least as any body ought to expect.

Now is it not cheering to fancy how much this sum exceeds the supposed amount of all our costs? Yes, if a mere comparison could better our condition. But there are people who delight not in comparative, but in absolute views of things; and if they will be good enough to pursue this subject, if they will but reduce to pounds, shillings, and pence, the lives we have lost, and add their amount to that of the current coin we have spent, they will save us trouble, and be in a fair way of arriving at the truth. But it is plain that they must not multiply the total of men killed off, by numbers so low as 15 and 20; since, in point of fact, the value of one of our infantry, all descriptions employed abroad being taken into account, is not less than 40*l.*; the value of one of our cavalry, all descriptions considered, not less than 80*l.* We leave the calculation to those who may find a pleasure in going on with it, satisfied that events are just what they ought to be; *i. e.* that we, who had the most money, have spent the most; that the enemy, who had at their disposal the greater number of men, have sacrificed the greater number; at the same time that the money which they have expended (no matter how dishonestly they came by most of it) is to them fully

as great as that which we have expended is to us. In fine, that the enemy (most emphatically and justly so called) who, for their savage amusement, filled Pandora's box till it was ready to burst, and then exulted in having caused it to be opened in the presence of their unsuspecting neighbours, should have been made to pay unprecedentedly dear for all the mischief they actually did, and all they so sincerely intended to do.

After all, we do not think that any country on earth, the United States of America excepted, has reason to lament the general issue of the French revolution — sanguinary and expensive as it has been. The Americans could well have avoided taking up arms; but, willing to believe that our hands were full, they flattered themselves that *they could take Canada*. They accordingly became aggressors, and are now suffering for their folly. Other nations have received something in the way of compensation. Some, the Turks for instance, an increase of security to their territories, through the ambition of powerful neighbours being moderated, or their power balanced: others, every people, in short, from Lisbon to Stockholm, deliverance from oppression, the pleasing prospect of better laws, together with the well-founded hope of a generous, permanent freedom. The Americans, and they only, have nothing with which to console themselves, nothing on which recollection can feed, except the loss of some thousands of their citizens, of some millions of their dollars, together with the disgrace of having been forced to withdraw from the contest, without gaining the object for which they entered into it.

Even France, though *twice conquered*, has reason to be satisfied. If it be now, which it is, as free as England was 130 years ago, what may we not imagine will be the measure of its freedom and happiness 130 years hence? It has, at length, nothing to apprehend but the check that may be given to the progress of improvement, through the narrow views which its ministers are known to take of its constitutional interests; through

their continuing to legislate by ordonnances, instead of the charter; through their tyrannically restraining the liberty of the press; through their trusting to the officers of police, instead of the judges, for the correction of vice; and through their pusillanimously suffering the greater number of places of trust and honour to be held by the refuse and dregs of the revolution. Such men may be found capable even of attempting to persuade the King to restore to favour and authority the convicted regicides. If they do make the attempt and succeed, it will then only remain for them to prepare to attend his Majesty once more to Ghent; and for the good citizens of Paris, to receive Prince Blucher a third time within their walls, with his temper not a little ruffled, and all his country's wrongs again fresh in his recollection.

If France, on a view of the whole of its recent history, has sufficient reason to be satisfied, surely Great Britain, on an impartial survey of its transactions, can have no sufficient cause for regret. France, it is true, retires from the contest with a fair prospect of its ancient civil institutions being much improved; while England has no such prospect—its venerable constitution standing in need of no such improvement. But if England wants this prospective enjoyment, it has one of a retrospective kind, which is not inferior either in quality or degree—that of recollecting that it has been able to counteract the evil generally intended by France, and to convert it into good for that same country in common with the rest of Europe. To have baffled all who either aimed a blow at its greatness from without, or sought to ruin its peace at home, was no mean achievement; and all ought to allow, that there was magnanimity in making mighty efforts to shake the yoke from the neck of a mortal enemy.

The pernicious principles recommended by the French libertines and atheists—the optimists and pessimists of the last century—who paved the way to the revolution; the revolution

itself, and the revolutionary conflict which has drawn into its vortex so many peaceful nations; the enormous taxes and the boundless commerce which the war created in this country; together with the continuance of the greater part of the one, i. e. of heavy demands on individuals, and the defalcation of the other, i. e. of the means of answering those demands; all these things are well enough understood, and are known to have led by steps, some of which have been gigantic, to the present widely diffused distress. The remote causes of this distress, we say, are, in general, tolerably well understood, and fairly enough represented: but the more immediate ones are often misrepresented; and nothing can be more inadequate, or more absurd, than some of the remedies for them which we occasionally hear proposed.

The immediate cause of the difficulties which most people feel more or less, is *the want of money*—such a want of it as obliges some to renounce pleasures which partake of the nature of luxury, others to forego necessary indulgences. This want, again, is occasioned by *the continuance of taxes* and the *discontinuance of the war*—the former of which positions one party will hardly allow, while another party will consider the latter as a solecism at once in sound and sentiment. Both are, however, absolute truths.

Taxation is felt by all classes, and by all, pretty nearly, with equal severity; all being taxed, in this equitable country, as nearly as possible according to their means. The consideration of this should incline every man to bear his proportion of the general burden with cheerfulness; and we think it really does reconcile the mind to acquiescence in the common doom, although, apparently, it has an opposite effect; for the disaffected seldom let slip an opportunity of calling upon all around them to take part in their execrable clamour, on the express ground of all being equally assessed. The reasonableness, or the unreasonableness of the call, is the last and the least of considera-

tions in such cases. It rarely, if ever, occurs to those who make it, to state, that they who voluntarily submit to burdens for the common benefit, cannot properly be said to be oppressed, let the load they bear be ever so heavy.—Taxation operates two ways in producing embarrassment; it renders commodities dear, it renders the purchasers of them poor; it debars the seller from selling cheap, the buyer, on many occasions, from buying at all. Yet it is not an absolute, but a relative evil; and it has done to these islands, in these very times, far more good than evil, having conferred upon them perfect safety, upon their inhabitants permanent fame. It would, however, have been an unmingled, unquestionable evil, could we have preserved the national independence and character without submitting to it—could we have long remained free amid the subjugation of our friends and allies, and have maintained British honour unsullied, with all the rest of Europe up in arms, and bent on its extinction. Napoleon's unchangeable resolution, in peace and in war, to conquer and enslave this country, so explicitly made at St. Helena, and recently explained at a public meeting by Lord Castlereagh, (who, by the way, must take care to make Parliament well acquainted with the fact,) will justly be held a sufficient proof of the frightful risk we should have run, had an unworthy dread of taxation unfitted us for the glorious struggle from which we have retired with so much *eclat*.

The other great source of the existing distress is—the *discontinuance of the war!* Discontinued war is, on most occasions, tantamount to restored peace. And is peace, especially one that comes adorned with so many laurels, and with its value enhanced by so reasonable an expectation of permanence, to be accounted the cause of the multifarious inconveniences, discomforts, and privations, of which the nation complains? Lovers of *peace*, we will extol it present or absent. Yet we must be allowed to state, that while the war lasted trade was extensive, money comparatively abundant, the voice of want almost unheard throughout these realms; and that, when it

ceased, commerce and wealth fled together, leaving among us so many urgent wants, that, had not hope also remained, we should now have been wretched in the extreme.—The war, partly through the operation of the *Code Napoleon*, partly through that of British sovereignty at sea, shut all the great trading nations of the world up at home. *The sea and all that is therein* were, for a time, ours, and so was every thing of value on land. Favourable markets were ready for whatever we could export, and for all we chose to import. Our vast armed forces wanted accoutrements, and all the engines of war; they also wanted clothing, and so did both the military and civil branches of population in other countries to which our ships repaired. Here then was occupation for our forges and looms, and for our workshops of all descriptions. The navy and army likewise required constant victualling on a large scale: this created demands on the grazier and farmer; so that both they and the manufacturer were enabled to employ numerous hands, who are now unemployed—all of whom lived well, because their employers could afford to pay them well.

The great and constant demands of Government, and of the merchants, on the agriculturists and manufacturers, when super-added to the taxes which were annually increasing, no doubt rendered every thing requisite either to comfort or luxury very dear. But then they caused money to circulate freely; they enabled the master to give high wages, and the servant to live in comfort. All orders of men, the profligate alone excepted, then enjoyed themselves. It was out of their superabundance that the merchant and manufacturer paid so liberally those whom they employed. It was out of the superabundance of the farmer and grazier that the labourer's condition was rendered so tolerable: but, more especially, that they themselves were enabled to pay the landowner the enhanced rents, of which we have heard so much. With regard to those rents, so often termed *exorbitant*, the farmers were certainly the best judges of what they could give without prejudice to their own

interest; and we should be glad to see the man, in any condition of life, who ever made a bargain and did not take the very best price he could get. This we say, in justification of the landowners, who cannot be said to have acted unreasonably in looking for a rise of one fourth of the rents they had to take, when they found that the profits of their tenants were doubled. At all events they merit praise, for the alacrity with which most of them have lately lowered rents which their tenants were bound to pay. The war put it in the power of both landlords and tenants to become rich. The receipts of the former were, for many years, unprecedentedly great; and so extraordinary were the prices paid to the latter for all kinds of produce, that the excess of their rents over what they had formerly been, was felt as no inconvenience whatever. Both, in short, might have lived as well, nay better, than they had previously done, and have been able to do so in future, had they possessed common prudence. But, in most instances, they consulted their taste and the prevailing fashion; and because landlords cannot now live like princes, and tenants like lords, many, of the latter at least, join the multitude in patriotically bewailing the hardships of the times. Neither body, however, is justifiable in complaining; and just as little are the merchants and manufacturers, who, during the war, made feasts for royalty, and bought up the estates of the nobility; and, on its conclusion, speculated to an extent, which the sober traders of other countries looked upon as a proof of downright insanity.

In what now must we seek a remedy for the existing distress? In *the revival of trade*, and *the repeal of taxes*? Yes; and in them almost solely. For charity, which one of our parties have proposed as, at least, a *partial remedy*, seems lifeless indeed among us. When Spaniards, or Germans, or any other foreign nation, have wanted money, they have had it in ample sums: but now, when our own poor cry for bread,

nothing capable of yielding them a day's solace can be found; although princes, and peers, and commoners, have met in public, and been truly eloquent on the affecting subject of their distress. The whole sum yet raised falls short of the annual income of many an individual who assisted in founding this uncharitable charity. What will foreigners now say of the illiberality of the principal party in England? What, but that they have set up pretensions to a virtue which they do not feel? and either that our munificence to them on memorable occasions was absolute ostentation; or, that it proceeded from the *disinterestedness* of mercantile men, who reckoned on receiving nothing less than *cent per cent* on all they should give. As to individuals of the other ostensible party, their remedy argues their depth—and their patriotism too. They want to have Parliament reformed: but they are aware that, in an adventure so perilous, the uproar of the multitude will be requisite, and therefore they say to every crowd they can draw together, "We know well, gentlemen, that your grievances are great, and we will remove them, if you will but oblige us by joining heartily in the note of those worthy men, the Nottingham framebreakers, the Glasgow journeymen printers, and our well-tried adherents in Ireland. Their object and ours is the same; *and with the long pull, the strong pull, and the pull all together*, which Lord Stanhope, no ordinary character, lately told us would be sufficient to overthrow the church, we no doubt could, if aided by you, completely uproot and dissipate the House of Commons." Now, till this project of new-modelling the representative body be perfected, the poor must, as far as their pretended friends are concerned, either beg or starve. They are, doubtless, in a most miserable plight; since, in the tedious, incomprehensible interim, one body of their wellwishers will probably amuse themselves, as they now do, in merely tantalizing them; while the other will enjoy the satisfaction of setting at nought both

them and their urgent necessities. What then is there in reserve for the relief, not of the poor solely, but of the public also? Charity, it seems, can effect no good; parliamentary reform would produce much evil. Retrenchment and economy in the various departments under Government have been tried, and are about to be tried on a still larger scale. It is clearly foreseen, however, and is readily admitted by every party man, in every place except the House of Commons, that no sum of money, really important to Great Britain, can be saved by any degree of retrenchment and economy, let the one be ever so severe, the other ever so pinching and pitiful. We must therefore rely, as already hinted, on the Revival of Trade, and the Repeal of Taxes.

The vast sweep of our trade was occasioned by the war, and its bounds have been contracted by the peace: the consideration of which might abate our love of peace, if a war, great enough to extend trade, could possibly be maintained, without such a loss of men as sometimes spreads mourning over the face of a country; and such an expenditure of public money as never fails to entail on it very heavy burdens. We must then owe the revival of trade to some cause or causes less forbidding than any conceivable state of war. We must allow time for foreign nations to complete the political, financial, and commercial regulations, which the altered state of their affairs requires—to look around them at home and abroad, so as to know first themselves and their wants, then our merchants and their capabilities. This done, they will again resort to England, aware that no where else can they experience such facilities and such advantages. In the meantime our traders of all denominations will have recovered spirit and means with which to launch out afresh; articles imported will have become reasonably cheap—so will those of native growth; while the pressure of taxes will have ceased to be heavy and irksome.

But the repeal of taxes is an essential ingredient in the remedy for the existing evil. And when may we expect to witness such a repeal as shall contribute materially to the domestic convenience of some, the commercial and agricultural success of others, the satisfaction and enjoyment of all? We answer, when the forces by sea and land can safely be reduced to a low peace establishment. In the meantime, however, as stated in the preceding paragraph, a considerable amelioration of the circumstances of the nation will have taken place. The measures adopted by Parliament and the Government—the abolition of some imposts, of some pensions, of some sinecures, and of a great many *miscellaneous* places, will have afforded a partial relief both to the cultivator and the proprietor of land, though by no means enough to enable the latter to reduce his rents so as to make it practicable for tenants to pay them regularly. This, we repeat, can be done only after the arrival of the time when the country can safely be put upon a very reduced peace establishment: and, till that time, which depends much on the English *reformers* and the Irish *emancipators*, though more on the stability of the French Government, there will be sufficient need, throughout the sister islands, for the exercise of the Christian virtues of faith, hope, and charity. What the quantity of good is that may reasonably be expected from a great, but gradual reduction of the poor-rates, and from some slight safe alteration in the tithe system, we do not now inquire, having touched on both topicks in preceding Numbers. Nor shall we, at present, enter upon the subject of the nefarious combinations through which *bread* and *animal food* are continued at such extravagantly *high prices*.

Parliament is soon to meet, and enter upon the business of a Session which promises to be more active and laborious, and, at the same time, more interesting and important, both to the hundreds who are to be engaged within the walls of either House, and to the millions who will anxiously await their deci-

sions without, than any that has been witnessed by the oldest man living. Most of its great and characterizing measures will be founded on domestic circumstances and occurrences, which, to ourselves at least, are highly momentous; while the affairs of foreign countries exhibit little that can either strongly attract, or ought much to affect our feelings as a people. The northern and central nations of Europe are studying profoundly their own substantial interests. One half of the French are doing something with all their might; while the other half are, as usual, striving to thwart them. Turkey and Italy are barely worthy of notice; and Portugal, as a kingdom, is not in the new map of Europe. Spain respires heavily; and, on looking to the Indies, with good reason doubts the tutelary power of her host of saints. In our western colonies all is quiet; and in the East the refractory have been speedily subdued, because we have relied but little on Hercules. In America, affairs are of a very diversified nature; and, unless bigotted Spain be soon enabled to manifest far more vigour than it does at present, we may, by and by, have to regret the loss of much more than of our traffic with the vast Southern Peninsula. Such, however, is the present excitement of feeling among the members of opposition; and such, too, the versatility of their genius in all questionable cases, that Ministers expect to be frequently surprised and harassed, and obliged to defend positions which they had not judged it requisite to fortify. They hope, however, to be successful, because they intend that their conduct shall be consistent with what it was, while they were placing their country on the eminence which it now occupies: but their opponents also reckon upon success, though nobody can tell how much, or how little: Blessed is the Whig who expecteth nothing. It is not to be doubted, but that they will be promptly and cheerfully countenanced by all the mobs who may have been called together for the purpose of making an idle clamour about something which they do not understand—but which they prepos-

rously call *parliamentary reform*. Yet what can this unseemly sort of countenance avail them? None of their friends who are averse to a grand experiment on the Constitution, which not a few of them are, will consider it wise or dignified to follow such guides; the only consequences of which will be, that we shall by and by hear, that the petitions which had caused so much idleness among those who had need to have been constantly at their daily labour, had, in one place, been respectfully received and properly disposed of; in another, brought up, and read, and discussed, and then thrown aside—as having no one good, but many a bad tendency. We do not now mention the incessant worry about economy and retrenchment as an effectual parliamentary resource to the party. The topic seems old, though likely to be about two or three years older before it sink into oblivion; and there is no chance of its affording either much advantage to those who may speak on it within doors, or much amusement to those who may talk of it out of doors. Louis XVIII. in opening his Parliament the other day, desired the two Houses “to be well assured of his unshaken firmness in repressing malevolence, and in restraining the impulses of a misguided zeal.” The Prince Regent and the King of France have the same means of enforcing moderation—the *power of dissolving Parliament*; the exercise of which, by the way, some gentlemen had as well not be in a hurry to provoke.

ART. II.—*The Poetic Mirror, or the Living Bards of Britain.*
12mo. London. 1816.

HERE is a thing as good as the *Rejected Addresses*—with less of broad comedy, but more of chastened humour; a thing which at once gives evidence of a finer faculty of distinguishing the poetical character of the authors imitated, and of greater powers of touch in the delineation of their style. They are unfortunately connected by a fiction, which is

destitute of all elegance, ingenuity, and probability; but we shall not dwell upon this. We introduce our readers, at once, to the book itself.

The poetry of Lord BYRON is first imitated. The author has attempted a serious poem in his manner; in which, we are sorry to say, he has completely failed. Lord Byron may be copied in his quaintness, in his abrupt affectations, in his poetical quotations from prose writers, in the Persian, and Turkish, and Arabic words with which he so profusely embellishes his poetry—and we have already seen that a very ludicrous use may be made of his gloomy misanthropy: but his proper style cannot be imitated, without copying his own figures and expressions; and this in a serious poem would be altogether intolerable. He is by far the most powerful and original painter, in the present day, of those wild and stormy passions which agitate the bosom, or of the terrible and silent broodings of despair and revenge, or of the complainings of that high-wrought and agonized tenderness which sinks deep into the heart: and he has no rivals but Campbell and Crabbe, in the pure and exquisite delineation of that peaceful and lovely affection which reposes upon one alone, and is wound about the soul of that one with innumerable foldings. There can be little hope of finding a breathing copy of such high poetical qualities as these; and there is still less reason to hope for any thing like the melancholy and enthusiastic, and lofty and indignant eloquence of his reflections upon degraded Greece. Perhaps there is nothing in modern poetry so original, so pathetic, and so exquisitely sad, as his comparison of that country, in its present state, to the quiet loveliness of a lifeless and beloved object. His descriptions, too, of the dazzling skies, and the serene air,—and the magnificent ruins, and the twilight groves,—and the thousand recollections of heroes and poets which their names awaken, give to his poetry another charm, scarcely less powerful than his painting of the “fierce wars and faithful loves” with which they are interwoven.

“The Guerilla” opens with these verses, in which all our sagacity cannot discover the slightest resemblance of the manner of Lord Byron:

“Sore for the selfishness of men I wail,—
Scarce other motives human action guide;—
And sore I pity those of intellect frail,
Who in aught else save their own strength confide.

That might, that soul, with heaven alone allied,
 May all the casual gusts of fate defy;
 But he who trusts in power or kingly pride,
 Well it behoves, like Britons, to rely
 On miscreant's doubtful aid, for thankless knaves to die!

"It hath been said, and suiteth well my tale,
 That Spain's hot peasants danger strove to shun,
 Even when their foemen sorest did prevail,
 And ravaged every vale of Arragon.
 If there is wealth to gain or insult done,
 The proud and selfish Spaniard aught will dare;
 Farther he cares not—feels not—but anon
 Flies to his gleesome dance and jocund fare,
 And gives unto the winds his vows and patriot care.

"Erewhile, in hamlet of full old regard,
 A goodly hind, Alayni hight, did won,
 His parents' healthful toil who daily shared
 And on each festal eve, when was begun
 The blithsome dance, and frolic,—there was none
 Who ruled the sport with such resistless sway;
 And when, perchance, his will was lothly done,
 His froward mood displeasure did bewray;
 Ne fail'd he then to thwart and contravene the play."—Pp. 3, 4.

This domineering person, it seems, loved "young Kela of the dale," who is torn from her home by a band of Frenchmen. Alayni leads on the villagers to revenge; and with his own hand drags forth and slays the chief of the foes. He then enters the tent of Kela. There is considerable pathos in this part of the story; but no one can imagine that it is the pathos of the noble author of whose style it professes to be an imitation:

"With torch in hand, and all with blood besprent,
 And looks that might the stoutest heart dismay,
 Forthwith he entered the dismal tent,
 Where, all forlorn, the lovely Kela lay;
 He placed his torch ere word he deign'd to say,
 Then gazed on her sweet face with sorrow steep'd;
 At first she clasped him in fondest way,
 But minding what she was, her blood ycrept,
 She hid her youthful face with both her hands, and wept.

"'Well may'st thou wail,' he said, in deepest tone,
 'That face I loved above all earthly thing!
 But never more shall smile beam thereupon,
 For thou art lost beyond recovering!
 To life of scorn can thy young spirit cling,
 To kindred and to friends a lothful stain,
 A beacon set each lover's heart to wring?
 It may not be—a momentary pain—
 One penance undergone, and thou art pure again!'

" She look'd into his face, and there beheld
The still unmoving darkness of his eye;
She thought of that could never be cancell'd,
And lay in calm and sweet benignity;
Down by her side her arms outstretched lie,
Her beauteous breast was fairer than the snow,
And then with stifled sob and broken sigh
Its fascinating mould was heaving so,—
Never was movement seen so sweetly come and go!

" He drew his bloody poniard from his waist,
And press'd against her breast its point of steel;
No single boon she to his ear address'd!
Calm did she lie as one who did not feel!
No shiver once did agony reveal;
Scarce did she move a finger by her side,
Though her heart's blood around her did congeal;
With mild but steady look his face she eyed,
And once upon her tongue his name in whisper died.

" With gloomy mien and unrelenting heart,
O'er her he hung and watch'd her life's decay;
He mark'd the pulse's last convulsive start,
And the sweet breath in fetches waste away.
Just ere the last these words she did assay:
'Now all is past—unblameable I die.'
Then her pale lips did close no more for aye,
A dim blue haze set slowly o'er her eye,
And low on purpled couch that mountain flower did lie."

Pp. 10—12.

The catastrophe of the poem is too horrible, even for Lord Byron; but the obscurity of the fate of its hero will remind the reader of the conclusion of *Lara*:

" I've heard of one, of whom have many heard,
That on Segovia's mountains roam'd a while,
A savage hero of most strange regard,
On whose dark visage never beam'd a smile,
Whose beard was never trimm'd, whose ruthless toil
Of slaughter only with existence ceased,
Who died in maniac guise 'mid bloody broil,
Laughing aloud, yet pressing to his breast
A tair of raven hair which every morn he kiss'd."—P. 26.

The next is WALTER SCOTT. The character of his poetry is too well known, and too popular to want any description: and thousands who never tasted the potency of poetry before, have partaken of its effects from the lays of the mighty minstrel. His boldness, and vigour, and truth of delineation

tion, and his total disregard of finery and finical minuteness, together with the chivalrous and romantic nature of his subjects and persons, have, no doubt, been the primary causes of his popularity with the million; and from this popularity has originated the contempt which persons who profess great nicety of taste, and much admiration of Juvenal and Horace, and Despreaux and Voltaire, and Dryden and Pope, have been pleased to pour upon his writings. Mr. Scott has perhaps carried his admiration of old ballads too far: he may have seen in them more pathos, and more vividness of description, than other readers can perceive: but we, for our own part, confess that we would much rather tolerate his "pipes of Malvoisie," and his "pasties of the doe"—and his long descriptions of jerkins and hosen,—and his awkward simplicity,—than the impurities of Pope, and the more odious abominations of Dryden. But though Mr. Scott's ballad poetry has delighted many, his introductory verses, and his dedicatory epistles, we fear, have been oftener passed over than read. To those who have read his poems, as they would have read any of the productions of the Minerva Press—for the sake of getting at the *dénouement*—which, by the way, we always thought the most pleasant part of these exquisite pieces: to those, who have so read them, we need not quote the following beautiful passages, for they can neither sufficiently feel that beauty, nor the great felicity with which the writer has caught the amiable spirit and the sweetness, as well as the manner of his original.

"But yet, my friend, there is an hour
 (Oft has thy bosom own'd its power,)
 When the full heart, in pensive tone,
 Sighs for a scene more wild and lone.
 Oh then, more sweet on Scotland's shore
 The beetling cliff, the breaker's roar,
 Or moorland waste, where all is still,
 Save wheeling plover's whistle shrill,—
 More sweet the seat by ancient stone,
 Or tree with lichens overgrown,
 Than richest bower that autumn yields,
 'Midst merry England's cultured fields.—
 Then, let our pilgrim footsteps seek
 Old Cheviot's pathless mossy peak;
 For there the mountain Spirit still
 Lingers around the lonely hill,
 To guard his wizard grottos hoar,
 Where Cimbrian sages dwelt of yore;

Or, shrouded in his robes of mist,
Ascends the mountain's shaggy breast,
To seize his fearful seat—upon
The elf-encharmed Hanging Stone,—
And count the kindred streams that stray
Through the broad regions of his sway!—
Fair sister streams that wend afar
By bloomy bank or barren scaur,
Now hidden by the clustering brake,
Now lost amid the mountain lake,
Now clasping, with protective sweep,
Some mouldering castle's moated steep;
Till, issuing from the uplands brown,
Fair rolls each flood by tower and town;
The hills recede, and on the sight
Swell the bold rivers broad and bright.
The eye—the fancy almost fails
To trace them through their thousand vales,
Winding these Border hills among,
(The boast of chivalry and song)
From B*****'s banks of softest green
To the rude verge of dark Lochskene.—
'Tis a heart-stirring sight to view,
Far to the westward stretching blue,
That frontier ridge, which erst defied
Th' invader's march, th' oppressor's pride;—
The bloody field, for many an age,
Of rival nations' wasteful rage;
In later times a refuge given
To exiles in the cause of Heaven."—Pp. 32—34.

"C***! like voice of years gone by,
I hear thy mountain-melody!—
It comes with long-forgotten dreams,
Once cherish'd by thy winding streams,
And sings of schoolboy-rambles free,
And heart-felt young hilarity!
I see the moss-grown turrets hoar
Dim-gleaming on thy woodland shore,
Where oft, apart from vulgar eye,
I loved at summer tide to lie,
Abandon'd to the witching sway
Of some old bard's heroic lay,

* * * * *
Yet aye One Minstrel charm'd me more
Than all I learned of classic lore,
Or war and beauty, gaily blent
In pride of knightly tournament,—
Even HE, in rustic verse, who told
Of Scotland's champion—Wallace bold—
Of Scotland's ancient 'love and lee,'
And Southron's coward treachery!—
And oft I conn'd that harper's page
With old hereditary rage,

Till I have wept, in bitter mood,
 That now no more in English blood,
 My country's falchion might atone
 The warrior's fall and widow's moan!—
 Or 'neath the oak's broad-bending shade,
 With half-shut eye-lids musing laid,
 Weaving in fancy's tissue strange
 The shapeless visions of revenge,
 I conjured back the past again—
 The marshall'd bands, the battle-plain,
 The Border slogan's pealing shout,
 The shock, the tumult, and the rout,
 Victorious Scotland's bugle-blast,
 And charging knights that hurry past;
 Till down the dim-withdrawing vale
 I seem'd to see their glancing mail,
 And hear the fleet barb's furious tramp
 Re-echoed from yon ancient camp."—Pp. 38—40.

"Now scatter'd far the smiling flowers
 That grew around these rustic bowers—
 Ungentle hearts and strangers rude
 Have pass'd along its solitude;
 The hearth is cold—the walls are bare
 That heard my grandsire's evening prayer,—
 Gone—even the trees he planted there!
 Yet still, dear friend, methinks 'twere sweet
 To trace once more that loved retreat.

• • • • •
 For 'midst these border mountains blue,
 And vales receding from the view,
 And lonely lakes and misty fells,
 Some nameless charm for ever dwells—
 Some spirit that again can raise
 The visions of departed days,
 And thoughts unutter'd—undefin'd—
 That gleam'd across my infant mind.

• • • • •
 Long from these native haunts estranged,
 My home but not my heart is changed—
 Amidst the city's feverish stir
 'Tis still a mountain wanderer!
 And though (if bodings be not vain)
 Far other roamings yet remain,
 In climes where, 'mid the unwonted vales,
 No early friend the wanderer hails,
 Nor well-known hills arise to bless
 His walks of pensive loneliness;
 Yet still shall fancy haunt with you
 These scenes beloved when life was new,
 And oft with tender zeal return
 By yon deserted tomb to mourn;—
 For oh, whate'er that lot may be
 In Fate's dark book reserved for me,

I feel that nought in later life,
Ambition's pride, or passion's strife,
Or favouring fortune's boundless grasp,
This bosom with a tie can clasp,
So strong—so sacred—as endears
These relics of our earliest years."—Pp. 49—51.

After this introduction, the minstrel thus tells of the array of "Wat o' the Cleuch:"

"Wat o' the Cleuch came down through the dale,
In helmet and hauberk of glistening mail;
Full proudly he came on his berry-black steed,
Caparison'd, belted for warrior deed.
O bold was the bearing, and brisk the career,
And broad was the cuirass and long was the spear,
And tall was the plume that waved over the brow,
Of that dark reckless borderer, Wat o' the Cleuch.

"His housing the buck's hide, of rude massy fold,
Was tassell'd and tufted with trappings of gold;
The henchman was stalworth his buckler that bore;
He had bowmen behind him, and billmen before;
He had Bellenden, Thorleshope, Reddlefordgreen,
And Hab o' the Swire and Jock of Poldean;
And Whitstone, and Halston, and hard-riding Hugh,
Were all at the back of bold Wat o' the Cleuch."—Pp. 55, 56.

We then have a piece of the private history of this respectable person, in the genuine manner of Mr. SCOTT:

"The abbot and monks of Jedwort well knew
When there was aught to gain,
That neither quoif, nor bead, nor book,
Nor penitential whine and look,
That stern marauder ere would brook,
He spurn'd them with disdain;
That late at Elsdon he had been
On evening of Saint Valentine,
And there had wrought much wreck and dole,
Had called the abbot beast and fool,
And all his horde a nest of knaves,
Of sordid, selfish, venal slaves;
Had broke their croziers o'er their heads,
And burnt their books, and sow'd their beads.
Taken, bot leave, their hoarded pelf,
And whatsoever pleased himself;
And never had sin of the deepest hue,
Nor Howard nor Scroop with their foraying crew,
E'er frighten'd our abbot like Wat o' the Cleuch."—Pp. 57, 58.

This profane personage arrives at the monastery of Jedwort, and the forage which he demands and obtains of the abbot

is described with all the minuteness, and in the matter-of-fact way of an old ballad, or of the feast in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

"The Coney, Capercaile, and Hare,
And every forest bird was there;
With many snared the lakes among,
Numberless birds unknown to song,
If not to Bewick and Buffon.

"Such only may and will I note,
As suiteth rythm, and rhyme and rote;
Such as the Grebe and Gullimote,
The Diver from Saint Mary's pool,
The Avoset, and Galinule,
The Bilcock, Egret, Ruff, the Mew,
The Whimbrel, and the Heronsheugh,
The Stint, the Phalarope, and Tern,
The Mergenser, and Midnight Hern,
The Dunlin, Wagel, Piper-cock,
The Shoveller or Kellutock,
The Imber, from broad Alemore lake,
The Tarroch, Tough, and Kittiwake;
These all were got, and all brought there,
It suits not how, it boots not where."—Pp. 65, 66.

Upon this fare he feeds with the voraciousness of Bertram Risingham; and, when his hunger is satisfied, he declares his resolution to disguise himself in the dress of a friar, and thus to enter the hostile castle of Roxburgh. He undoes his armour; and an adventure which occurs with one of the monks, and their reconciliation, must forcibly and ludicrously remind all our readers of the manner of the poet of 'the olden time:'

"Off went the cuishes and the greaves,
Jangled aloud the chained sleeves,
Down went the helm and plumage tall,
The corslet rattles on the wall,
And Wat, whose very meed was scathe,
He felt so light and free to breathe,
'That swift as fire he flew upon
A friar of stupendous bone,
To reave his robes in grappling strife—
Without a stir Wat hated life;
He caught the friar by the nape,
Who stared at first with ghastly gape;
But, prick'd by pain, enroused by spleen,
Or memory what he once had been,
He struck the chief a blow so rude
It made him stagger where he stood,
While mouth and nose gush'd red with blood."

* * * * *

"The dark chief gave delighted grin,
And wiped the blood-clots from his chin:
'Man, thou art brother of my heart,'
He said, 'and hence we shall not part;
If thou not warrior turn with me,
I'll turn a saint and dwell with thee;
Or priest, or layman, friend, or foe,
I love a man can lend a blow.
Give me thy hand—beshrew my blood
If I could deem that 'neath a hood
Was brow so stern or eye so dark,
Or heart so true, or arm so stark;
Lend me thy cowl and sober weed
Until my noviceship be sped.'"—Pp. 71—73.

This holy brother is appointed to be his guide to Roxburgh Castle; and the sketch of him with which we are presented is not inferior to that of Friar John in Marmion:

"'Say thou no more,' the sire replied,
'Bold brother Hew shall be your guide;
And by my faith in Saint Mary,
I know not braver wight than he,
Nor one will risk such desperate game
For maid immured or winsome dame,
Or with such manhood work his way
When husbands, sires, and serfs way-lay.
At Nisbet, Holme, and Sorbytree,
Boonjeddwort, Nook, and Oxnam-lea,
Has Hew been caught and used full ill,
Yet brother Hew is living still;
His arm already have you tried,
And I should deem him trusty guide
As ever stepp'd on Border side.'"—Pp. 75, 76.

Hab o' the Swire is chosen, too, to be one of this blessed company, because he can read, a qualification which, it is well known, is not always possessed by Mr. Scott's moss-troopers; and the three set forward on their journey. They arrive at the castle; and the jests which the nobles pass there, have the same mixture of satire and indecency, for which those in Marmion are remarkable. We would prefer, however, the quotation 'Walsingham's Song,' which is very excellent and characteristic; but our limits do not allow us to extract it. The ditty so inflames the fury of the hero, who is present in disguise, that he attacks the whole company, and with the aid of Hab o' the Swire and Friar Hew, slays them all, and gains possession of the castle, and the lay concludeth.

Mr. WORDSWORTH comes next; a name which awakens all the associated ideas of silly pathos and ludicrous simplicity. If Mr. Wordsworth had been pleased to follow Milton or Spencer, of whom he professes so fervent an admiration, in all their steps, he would have become one of the most lofty and pathetic, and perhaps one of the most popular poets of the present day. But a paltry ambition led him to become the founder of a sect; and the articles which compose his poetical creed are so notoriously opposed to common sense, that, with the exception of his brethren of the lakes, he has scarcely met with a single convert to his faith. Mr. Wordsworth, as every body knows, is the founder of a system, which is to bring poetry from the dangerous and daring pathos, and the condensation of thought, which were once, but as it seems very foolishly conceived to belong to her, to the happy imbecility and the quiet thoughtlessness of infantine simplicity; and this new system is to teach her, too, to reject her own nervous and sonorous language, and to "lisp in numbers" with all the pretty drawling silliness of the children about the country where the schism originated. Now we really do not see the great beauty and fitness of the scheme, and the stupendous advantages which are to result to our Muses from this revolution in our poetical taste, which the Quarterly Review is pleased, in its plenitude of absurdity, to regard as the prelude to its complete reformation. But it is Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, and not the nonsense of the Quarterly Review, which we are now to consider. It might be very proper in Mr. Wordsworth to condemn and reject the ostentatious glitter and sonorous pomp of the school of Darwin: but the world was convinced, before the Lyrical Ballads appeared, of the folly of their idolatry; and if Darwin clothed commonplaces and nonsense in the dress of his glowing poetry, Mr. Wordsworth has quite as absurdly arrayed his own original and glorious muse in the rags of the most disgusting and conspicuous wretchedness. Many of his tales in the Lyrical Ballads are full of exquisite pathos.—It is owing to his unfortunate system that the fine poetry of these volumes has been lying in cold obstruction among the poetical rubbish which has been justly consigned to that fate; and his 'Excursion' has followed it thither, though many of its best passages will live long in the minds of its readers, when the unintelligible truisms, and the mysticism, and the affected raptures, and the raving sublimities, of which

its author has been so profuse, shall be forgotten. How much is it to be lamented, that an author who can write such tales as 'Margaret,' and 'Ellen,' and poetry of so lofty a pitch as the passage beginning — 'As the ample moon, in the deep stillness of a summer even,' &c., or the fine description of the graceful youth in the 'Excursion,' should place a monster upon the altar, and sacrifice before it all the faculties which can produce those beautiful creations! We have no sort of objection to that part of the author's theory which leads him to choose his persons from vulgar life; because Crabbe has shewn us that it is possible to do this, and yet to give the most powerful pictures of intense pathos, and overwhelming terror, and the most beautiful ones of quiet and unceasing love. We would rather wish, we confess, that our poets should sing 'in sage and solemn tunes,' than that they should lisp and drawl like Mr. Wordsworth, and his separatists, or stoop to the puns and grimaces and vulgar oddities of Mr. Crabbe: and 'Pomp, and Feast, and Revelry, and Mask, and antique Pageantry,' are things which far better become the poetical character, than stories about old hats, and duffil cloaks, and beggar-men, and beggar-women, and beggar-children, and all those peculiarities of dress and demeanour which belong to those 'glorious human creatures,' as Mr. Wordsworth styles those captivating persons; or even than the disgusting objects on which Mr. Crabbe delights to dwell, and his strong pictures of human nature in the extreme of degradation in which he has placed his *Benbow*, and his *Frederick Thompson*—his gipsies—his beggars—and his horrible and painful representations of murder, and incest, and parricide. The poetry of Mr. Wordsworth has not the forcible colouring of Mr. Crabbe's Tales; and this, we think, arises from the amiable character of his mind—not unmixed, however, with that vehement admiration of silliness, which he has mistaken for simplicity, and to which, with some other absurdities of his poetical theory, he may attribute the ridicule and neglect which has been poured upon his poetry in the present day. Mr. Wordsworth, we doubt not, looks for his reward in the praises of posterity: but what is now ridiculous and absurd in poetry, will be equally ridiculous and absurd a hundred or a thousand years hence. The original neglect, and following admiration of some of our earlier poets, is no argument for Mr. Wordsworth. No sane person believes that Blackmore, or Welsted, or Cibber,

or Ambrose Philips, are good poets, and that their verses will ever 'fill the loud voice of universal praise,' even though their names and their follies are immortalized in the *Treatise of Martinus Scriblerus*, and in the *Dunciad*; names as terrible to the scribblers of that age, as the name of the *Edinburgh Review* is to the fantastical and conceited writers of our own.

The disciples of the school of Mr. Wordsworth have all his affectations and absurdities, and a few more. Thus Mr. Southey unites to the self-conceit and babyism of Mr. Wordsworth his own ponderous and monotonous dulness; Mr. Coleridge adds to them his extravagant fantasies, and Bedlamite ravings, and his bewildering and unintelligible metaphysics, made up of Kant and Berkeley, and Giordano Bruno, the *idola theatræ* of the Lakers; and Mr. Wilson has presented us with a sort of harmonious concentration of all these, without the self-admiration and dogmatism.

We have dwelt too long upon the poetical opinions of Mr. Wordsworth, and his sect: we now give our readers a passage from the author's imitations of the inimitable 'Recluse' of the great reformer, which has all the cloudy unintelligibility, and all the wordy mysticism, of that divine work:

——— " Access for you
Is yet preserved to principles of truth,
Which the imaginative will upholds
In seats of wisdom, not to be approach'd
By the inferior faculty that moulds
With her minute and speculative pains
Opinions ever changing—I have seen
Regenerative Nature prostrate lie
And drink the souls of things—of living things
And things inanimate, and thus hold up
The beings that we are—that change shall clothe
The naked spirit ceasing to deplore
The burden of existence, her dull eye
To other scenes still changing still unchanged.
The thinking thoughtless school-boy, the bold youth
Of soul impetuous, and the bashful maid,
All cogitative yield obedience up.
And whence this tribute? wherefore these regards?
Not from the naked heart alone of man,
Though framed to high distinction upon earth,
As the sole spring and fountain-head of tears,
His own peculiar utterance for distress
Or gladness—it is not the vital part
Of feeling to produce them, without aid
From the pure soul, the soul sublimed and pure

With her two faculties of eye and ear,
Not without such assistance could the eye
Of these benign observances prevail;
Thus are they born, thus foster'd, and maintain'd,
And by the care prospective of our wise
Forefathers, who, to guard against the shocks,
The fluctuation, and decay of things.
There lies the channel and original bed,"
Continued I, still pointing to the lake,
"From the beginning hollow'd out and scoop'd
For man's affections, else betray'd and lost,
And swallow'd up 'mid desarts infinite.
This is the genuine course, the aim and end
Of prescient reason, all conclusions else
Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and perverse."—Pp. 149–151.

Nor are the author's delirious views of vulgar things, and the magnificent images under which he presents them, less happily seized upon in the following passage :

————— "Th' obedient door,
As at a potent necromancer's touch,
Into the air receded suddenly,
And gave wide prospect of the sparkling lake,
Just then emerging from the snow-white mist
Like angel's veil slow-folded up to heaven.
And lo! a vision bright and beautiful
Sheds a refulgent glory o'er the sand,
The sand and gravel of my avenue!
For, standing silent by the kitchen-door,
Tinged by the morning sun, and in its own
Brown natural hide most lovely, two long ears
Upstretching perpendicularly, then
With the horizon levell'd—to my gaze
Superb as horn of fabled Unicorn,
Each in its own proportions grander far
Than the frontal glory of that wandering beast,
Child of the Desert! Lo! a beauteous Ass,
With panniers hanging silent at each side!
Silent as cage of bird whose song is mute,
Though silent yet not empty, filled with bread
The staff of life, the means by which the soul
By fate obedient to the powers of sense,
Renews its faded vigour, and keeps up
A proud communion with the eternal heavens.
Fasten'd to a ring it stood, while at its head
A boy of six years old, as angel bright,
Patted its neck, and to its mouth applied
The harmless thistle that his hand had pluck'd
From the wild common, melancholy crop."——Pp. 172, 173.

The following is equally excellent :

"Quoth I, I never see thee and thy ass,
My worthy friend, but I methinks behold

The might of that unconquerable spirit,
Which, operating in the ancient world
Before the Flood, when fallen man was driven
From paradise, accompanied him to fields
Bare and unlovely, when the sterile earth
Oft mock'd the kindly culture of the hand
Of scientific agriculture—mock'd
The shepherd's sacrifice, and even denied
A scanty pittance to the fisherman,
Who by the rod or net sought to supply
His natural wants from river or from mere.
Blind were these people to the cunning arts
Of smooth civility—men before the Flood,
And therefore in the scriptures rightly call'd
Antediluvians!

“ While thus I spake
With wisdom, that industrious blind old man,
Seemingly flatter'd by those words of mine,
Which, judging by myself, I scarcely think
He altogether understood, replied,
While the last thistle slowly disappear'd
Within the jaws of that most patient beast:
' Master ! ' quoth he,—and while he spake his hat
With something of a natural dignity
Was holden in his hand—' Master, ' quoth he,
' I hear that you and Mrs. Wordsworth think
Of going into Scotland, and I wish
To know if, while the family are from home,
I shall supply the servants with their bread,
For I suppose they will not all be put
Upon board-wages.'

“ Something in his voice,
While thus he spake, of simplest articles
Of household use, yet sunk upon my soul,
Like distant thunder from the mountain-gloom
Wakening the sleeping echoes, so sublime
Was that old man, so plainly eloquent
His untaught tongue ! though something of a lisp,
(Natural defect,) and a slight stutter too
(Haply occasion'd by some faint attack,
Harmless, if not renew'd, of apoplex)
Render'd his utterance most peculiar,
So that a stranger, had he heard that voice
Once only, and then travell'd into lands
Beyond the ocean, had on his return,
Met where they might, have known that curious voice
Of lisp and stutter, yet I ween withal
Graceful, and breathed from an original mind.”—Pp. 174-176.

Our space forbids us to quote the passages which follow,
and which describe the way in which this old man lost his
sight; and the divine experiences which filled his mind in

consequence of that great event—all which are painted with the singular consistency and force of nature for which Mr. Wordsworth is so remarkable. We must, however, give the conclusion :

“ Therefore James Rigg was happy, and his face
Soon brighten'd up with smiles, and in his voice
Contentment spoke most musical ;

* * * * *

“ He was so reconciled unto his lot
That there almost appear'd to him a charm
In blindness—so that, had his sight return'd,
I have good reason to believe his happiness
Had been thereby scarcely at all increased.”—P. 185.

The style of Mr. Hogg, quaintly styled ‘ The Ettrick Shepherd,’ is next imitated—and with prodigious success and verisimilitude. Mr. Hogg is somewhat touched with the superstitions of the Lakers; but he has given evidence of his powers in a bolder style of poetry, in his tale of *The Abbot M·Kinnon*. The following is an imitation of his *Witch of Fyfe*; and the ludicrous horrors, and vulgar anxieties which it displays, are touched with great felicity. It is called ‘ The Gude Greye Katt:’ the first passage which we shall quote contains the following eulogy of the holy ‘ Bischope of Blain:’

“ He wase ane wyce and wylie wychte
Of wyte and warlockrye,
And mony ane wyfe had byrnit to coome,
Or hangit on ane tre.

“ He kenit their merkis and molis of hell,
And made them joifull
Ryde on the reid-het gad of ern,
Ane plesaunt sycht to se.”—P. 195.

The ‘ gude greye katt,’ it seems, was supposed to be a witch; and while the holy bishop is in the midst of his exorcisms, she vindicates that supposition by seizing him by the two ears, and flying with him through the roof of the hall :

“ The braide ful mone wase up the lyft,
The nycte wase lyke ane daye,
As the greate Byschope tuke his jante
Up throu the milkye-waye ;

* * * * *

“ They sawe him spurrying in the ayre,
And flynging horredlye,

And than he prayit and sang ane saum,
For ane fearit wycht was he;

" But ay his waylingis fainter greue
As the braide lyft he crossit,
Qubill sum saide that theye hearit them still,
And sum saide all wase loste.

* * * * *

" That greye kattis sang it wase se sweete,
As on the nychte it fell,
The Murecokis dancit ane seuinsum ryng
Arunde the hether bell;"

* * * * *

The Greye Kattis Sang.

" Murr, my Lorde Byschope,
I syng to you;
Murr, my Lorde Byschope,
Bawllillu!
Murr, my Lorde Byschope, &c.

" That nycht ane hynde on Border syde
Chancit at his dore to be;
He spyt ane greate clypse of the mone,
And ben the house ran he;

" He laide ane wisp upon the colis,
And bleue full lang and sayre,
And rede the Belfaste Almanake,
But the clypse it wase not there."

* * * * *

" That nychte ane greate Filossifere
Had watchit on Etnyis height,
To merk the rying of the sonne,
And the blythsum mornyng lychte;

" And all the lychtlye lynis of goude,
As on the se they fell,
And watch the fyir and the smoke,
Cum rummilyng up fra hell."—Pp. 200—204.

The cat hovers with her prey over the mouth of *Ætna*,
and the philosopher hears the following dialogue:

" He cryit, O Pussie, hald your gryp,
O hald and dinna spaire;
O drap me in the yerde or se,
But dinna drap me there.

" But scho wase ane doure and deidlye katt,
And scho saide with lychtsum ayre,
You kno heuin is ane blissit plece,
And all the prestis gang there.

“ Och sweete, sweete Pussye, hald your gryp,
Spaire nouthir cleke nor clawe.
Is euir that lyke heuin abone,
In quich am lyke to fa' ? ”——P. 207.

The cat however is relentless, and the bishop is precipitated into the yawning gulf; and the metamorphosis which follows, is in Mr. Hogg's best manner :

“ Then the Filossofere wase muvit,
And he wist not quhat till say,
For he saw nochte of the gude Greye Katt,
But he saw ane ladye gay.

“ Hir gounne wase of the gress-grene sylk,
And hir ee wase lyke the deue,
And hir hayre wase lyke the threidis of goude
That runde hir shouderis fleue.

“ Hir gairtenis war the raynbowis heme,
That scho tyit anethe hir knee,
And ay scho kemit hir yellow hayre,
And sang full pleasauntlye.”——P. 208.

She turns out to be the Queen of Fairy-land, and she comes to bear with her to that paradise the daughters of the “ Laird of Blain : ” but we have not room for the rest of the story, and must go on to Mr. COLERIDGE.

The poetry of Mr. COLERIDGE, before his last publication, had a certain sonorous dignity and lofty march, together with much of that high-wrought feeling, which is nearly allied to poetry—something between devotional enthusiasm, and the phrensy of poesy unregulated—and a great facility and copiousness of glowing words, and rich and poetical phrases. We have an imitation of both styles; the raving doggerel and wretched prose of “ Christabel,” and the glitter and rapturous fancies of the early poetry of the author. The exquisite qualities of the first are well imitated; but we prefer making our extracts from the last, which is far more characteristic of his style:—the “ lame and impotent conclusion ” is admirable.

“ Was it not lovely to behold
A cherub come down from the sky,
A beauteous thing of heavenly mould,
With ringlets of the wavy gold,
Dancing and floating curiously ?
To see it come down to the earth
This beauteous thing of heavenly birth !
Leaving the fields of balm and bliss,
To dwell in such a world as this !

" I heard a maiden sing the while,
 A strain so holy, it might beguile
 An angel from the radiant spheres,
 That have swum in light ten thousand years;
 Ten times ten thousand is too few—
 Child of heaven, can this be true!
 And then I saw that beauteous thing
 Slowly from the clouds descending,
 Brightness, glory, beauty blending,
 In the 'mid air hovering.
 It had a halo round its head,
 It was not of the rainbow's hue,
 For in it was no shade of blue,
 But a beam of amber mixed with red,
 Like that which mingles in the ray
 A little after the break of day.
 Its raiment was the thousand dyes
 Of flowers in the heavenly paradise;
 Its track a beam of the sun refined,
 And its chariot was the southern wind;
 My heart danced in me with delight,
 And my spirits mounted at the sight,
 And I said within me it is well;
 But where the bower, or peaceful dell,
 Where this pure heavenly thing may dwell?
 Then I bethought me of the place,
 To lodge the messenger of grace;
 And I chose the ancient sycamore,
 And the little green by Greta's shore;
 It is a spot so passing fair,
 That sainted thing might sojourn there.

* * * * *

" Heaven shield us from annoy!
 What shall form this dome of joy!
 The leaf of the rose would be too rude,
 For a thing that is not flesh and blood;
 The walls must be of the sunny air,
 And the roof the silvery gossamer,
 And all the ceiling, round and round,
 Wove half of light, and half of sound;
 The sounds must be the tones that fly
 From distant harp, just ere they die;
 And the light the moon's soft midnight ray,
 When the cloud is downy, and thin, and grey.

* * * * *

" The dream is past, it is gone away!
 The rose is blighted on the spray.
 I look behind, I look before,
 The happy vision is no more!
 But in its room a darker shade
 Than eye hath pierced, or darkness made;
 I cannot turn, yet do not know,
 What I would, or whither go;

But I have heard, to heart of sin,
A small voice whispering within,
'Tis all I know, and all I trust,—
'That man is weak, but God is just.'—Pp. 225—229.

Mr. SOUTHEY follows:—the following passage we think
an excellent copy of the manner of his eclogues:

"Then Peter walked across the field and back
With awkward limp, to show me how the boy
Walked out the way,—the fancy pleased him much,
For ever and anon he laughed at it,
And yet the tear was pacing down his cheek.
'Twas just this way he walked, poor soul, said Peter;
And then, with turned-up foot, and gait oblique,
Again he halted lamely o'er the ridge,
Laughing with shrilly voice, and all the while
Wiping his eyes.—I thought I saw, said Peter,
An independence in the child's blue eye,
A soul that seemed determined to outbrave
Reproach and sufferance,—and to work his way
Throughout the world, though scarce a ray of hope
Lay onward to allure or beckon him."—Pp. 233, 234.

But it is in the "*Carmen Judiciale*" that the author has
best imitated Mr. SOUTHEY. The following passage breathes
a spirit of silliness, presumption, and self-admiration, which
the Laureate himself has scarcely excelled:

"When his o'erflowings of envenom'd spleen
An undistinguish'd dunghill mass shall lie,
The name of SOUTHEY, like an ever-green,
Shall spread, shall blow, and flourish to the sky;
To Milton and to Spencer next in fame,
O'er all the world shall spread thy laurell'd name."—P. 250.

Nor is the billingsgate of the Quarterly Review less suc-
cessfully combined with the doggerel of the "*Carmen*
Nuptiale" in the following verses:

"Thou void of principle! of rule! of ruth!
Thou renegade from nature and from truth!
"Thou bane of genius!—party's sordid slave!
Mistaken, perverse, crooked is thy mind!
No humble son of merit thou wilt save,
Truth, virtue, ne'er from thee did friendship find;
And while of freedom thou can'st fume and rave,
Of titles, party, wealth, thou art the cringing slave!

"Thou hast renounced Nature for thy guide,
A thousand times hast given thyself the lie,
* * * * *

Thy quibbles are from ray of sense exempt,
Presumptuous, pitiful, below contempt!

* * * * *

Thou foe of order!—Mercy lingers sick—
False prophet! Canker! Damned heretick!"——Pp. 252, 253.

The supreme wretchedness of the "Curse," in Kehama, takes away all praise of that nature from the Curse in the "Carmen Judiciale;" but if the latter were destitute of wit, it might be fairly set down by its side:

"The printers shall harass,
The devils shall dun thee,
The trade shall despise thee,
And C—t—e shun thee.
The judge shall not hear thee,
But frown and pass by thee,
And clients shall fear thee,
And know thee, and fly thee!

* * * * *

Thou shalt thirst for revenge
And misrule, as for wine,
But genius shall flourish!
And royalty shine!
And thou shalt remain
While the Laureate doth reign,
With a fire in thy heart,
And a fire in thy brain,
And Fame shall disown thee
And visit thee never,
And the curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever!"——Pp. 255, 256.

We then have an imitation of Mr. WILSON. His poetry is full of pure and simple pathos, and breathes all the kind and gentle affections: he never reaches, perhaps, the depth and intensity of silent sorrow, in the representation of which Mr. Wordsworth excels all his contemporaries; nor does he equal Mr. Southey in the broad and somewhat monotonous tone of his colouring, or the warmth and magnificence of Coleridge; but in his paintings of tranquil innocence and placid melancholy, he surpasses them all, in spite of the heaviness and uniform languor, and the exuberance of poetical and religious enthusiasm with which they are over-informed. The present author does not, of course, attempt to give us any notion of the softness and beauty of the delineations of Mr. Wilson; but he has caught his sickly luxuriancy of epithets, and his "honey-heavy" and cloying

sweetness with much effect, in the following address to the steam-boat of Alloa:

“ O blessed thing of calm delight,
Art thou a phantom of the night,
That slumber’st by the lonely strand,
Dreaming of breezes from Fairy Land?
Well, glorious creature, may’st thou lie
Smiling on the refulgent sky,
For thy heart is calm and motionless,
And the stars shall view thee soon
Sailing in conscious blessedness,
Thou sister of the Moon,
And every garden of the deep,
And orb that shines above,
Shall see thee gliding swift as sleep;
In holiness and love!
Over the scarcely touched wave,
Along the homeless sea;—
O world of waters, the peaceful grave
N’er lay entranced like thee!
The Moon hath bidden her radiance fall
On thy rainbow form and viewless wings,
And the heavenly voice of the rocking sea,
In everlasting melody,
To cheer the vision sings.

“ And well, loved vessel, may’st thou glide,
Calm onward without breeze or tide,
With steadfast and unaltered motion,
Along the bright and starry ocean;
For in thy bosom’s inmost cells
Some self-impelling spirit dwells,
And thy majestic form is driven
Along the slumbering sea,
As on the peaceful soul of heaven,
Unto Eternity.

• • • • •
“ Bright creature! harbinger of love,
In earth below, and heaven above,
How many an anxious eye at morn
Will look from the beach where thou wast borne,
To mark thy stately form afar,
And hail the approach of the Morning Star?
And still their faith, with tranced eye,
Shall dwell upon the moonlight sky,
Then turn to the mellow sea beneath,
Serene and calm, as heaven’s own breath.”—Pp. 257—260.

The following lines are much more in the style of Mr. Hogg than of Mr. Wilson:

“ Thou magic journeyer of the even,
Thou self-moved messenger of heaven!

Over the wave, and the still moon-beam,
 Or downward in the troubled deep,
 Murmuring like giant in a dream,
 Or distant thunder, when the gleam
 Of fire plays o'er a world asleep!
 O thou art bright with beauty and grace," &c.—P. 260.

The "Hymn to the Moon," too, has a great deal of the fanciful solemnity and quiet rapture of Mr. Wilson's pieces:

"Lo! all the loveliness of earth awakes
 To bless and do thee homage. Softly glide
 The clouds yet glowing with the crimson light
 Of the departed sun, to gird their queen
 With a fair circle of unfallen snow,
 Yet brighten'd with the innocence of heaven!
 Within that circle, deeper than the blue,
 The tearless blue of an archangel's eye,
 Glistens the eternal sanctitude of rest—
 Out comes one single solitary star,
 One moment shining—and then melts away
 In thy o'erpowering radiance, while the heavens
 All agitated into waves of light
 Are like the ocean during breathless nights,
 Astir, yet in the swell profoundly calm,
 A type of endless, universal rest!"—Pp. 269, 270.

With the imitation of Mr. Wilson the book concludes.

Of the author we pretend to know nothing—nor is his name wanting to add any thing to his merits. He has left us nothing to regret, but that he has not done more: and that, above all, he should not have given us an imitation of two writers, whose peculiarities of manner are very prominent—Mr. CRABBE and Mr. LEIGH HUNT. In looking back upon the hasty selections which we have made, we feel that we have not done justice to the author; but we have not leisure to amend the error, and must therefore earnestly recommend to all our readers to turn to the book itself.

ART. III.—"*Die heiligen Schriften des Neuen Testaments, übersetzt von Carl van Ess, und von Leander van Ess.*" *The Holy Scriptures of the New Testament, translated by C. VAN ESS and LEANDER VAN ESS. Sulzbach. 1812. 12mo. small 8vo. and large 8vo. pp. 484. Imported by Bohte.*

GERMANY has, of late years, been fertile in translations of various parts of the Bible. At this, when we consider the

general taste for literature which pervades that country, we cannot be surprised: learning is there a staple, commercial commodity; and however degrading it may appear, we cannot conceal the fact, that it really is considered as such. Even the most eminent university professors contract with a bookseller for the annual productions of their labours of genius, just as a Manchester weaver does here with a linen-draper for the produce of his looms. The book trade enjoys particular privileges; and it is well known that many literary projects are undertaken solely with a view to the sale of the books in foreign countries, especially in England.

In this state of things most people are, at first view, disposed to consider the literature of Germany as almost unworthy of attention; and to suppose their books, to use the words of a celebrated wit, "composed by a paste-pot and a pair of scissors." In this, however, they are mistaken. Generally speaking, of mere works of imagination, the most partial admirers of German literature must admit that they do not equal us. For *genius*, the Germans are not remarkable, if we except Wieland, Göthe, Schiller, Klopstock, Kotzebue, and Werner, and a very few more. Their *forte* consists chiefly in metaphysical inquiries, and mathematical reasoning. It is, however, by such works as that before us, and by their talent for classical editorship, that they are most distinguished. Philology and verbal criticism form the first and the last subjects of the researches of a great proportion of their literati. It cannot signify greatly, what is the object for which these are studied and treated of; whether it be for the sake of the knowledge to be imparted, or of the profit to be derived. If it be the former, the interest felt in the inquiry will lead the author to accuracy; if it be the latter, the value of his productions will be estimated by his rivals in *trade* with the same strictness, and published to the world with the same want of ceremony, that would be used with regard to the fabrics of a vulgar mechanic; and all this will urge him to vigorous exertion.

This translation of the New Testament is interesting to the theologian, as it affords some insight into the present state of professional learning among the German Roman Catholic clergy. It has been very generally supposed, that the principles of that communion are hostile to those of free inquiry; and in many cases this remark may be true. The peculiar political situation of Germany, however, we think has some tendency to counteract the intolerant principles of

the Romish church. Being divided into numerous small states, some of which are Catholic and some Protestant, there exist fewer means of coalition for the clergy: their communication is more bounded, and more intersected; and their political power being nearly annulled, their ascendancy over the minds of their flocks is dependant simply on the bonds of opinion, and of mutual regard. Of all countries Germany is, perhaps, the most remarkable for freedom of inquiry among its Protestant inhabitants: nor can it ever be forgotten, that it was the great scene of action at the momentous period of the Reformation. Hence arises much of the reluctance discoverable among them, "*jurare in verba magistri*"; and *one language* being in use throughout the whole empire, with as little variation, and that only *colloquial*, as is discoverable between the English spoken in London, and that used in Somersetshire or Northumberland, the Protestant books published in one state easily find their way into the adjacent states, and even into the remoter Catholic districts. To this cause must we impute the conversion of Professor Wolfter, of Heidelberg, the learned author of "*A History of the Reformation*;" who abjured catholicism, and died a Protestant*; and possibly to the similar operation of an opposite cause, the extraordinary change in the sentiments of the celebrated Leopold, Count Stolberg, who, after being for fifty years a zealous *Protestant*, has lately joined the *Romish Church*. It is farther remarkable, that after appearing as one of the most elegant writers of his day, and having translated the Greek tragic poets, he is now publishing "*Geschichte der Religion Jesu Christi*;" a work written in a style truly ascetic. It is published at Hamburg; and ten volumes have already appeared.

But whatever may be the *cause*, it is certain that the German Catholic clergy are daily becoming more learned, and more liberal; and we owe to them several interesting works on critical theology. To such of our readers as are acquainted with German literature, we need only mention the name of Professor Jahn, of Vienna, who has published an Hebrew Bible with various readings, several critical Introductions to the Bible, a Treatise on the Interpretation of Prophecy; and is celebrated as one of the best orientalists of the day †.

* Classical Journal, vol. vii. p. 20.

† It may be agreeable to our readers to see a list of this author's writ-

How far the erudition of M. M. Van Ess may extend, or in what it principally consists, we have not the same means of judging; but from what we have observed in our examination of their work, it seems at least respectable. It is not accompanied by critical notes; and we can therefore only judge from their rendering of particular passages. We do not profess to have examined the whole of the volume, nor indeed was it possible: but we shall lay before our readers a specimen of their performance, selected from a few of the more prominent passages.

Matthew, i. 1. Βίβλος γενέσεως. This, as our readers are aware, is an Hebraism, frequently observable in the LXX. So Gen. v. 1. we read, זה ספר תולדות אדם; and find in the LXX, αὐτὴ ἡ βίβλος γενέσεως ἀνθρώπων. In most translations of the N. T., however, it has been too strictly retained: our own version has “the book of the generation;” Luther, “dis ist das buch von der geburt:” these translators give the literal meaning, without retaining the harsh Hebraism, “Geschlechtsregister”—a rendering quite unexceptionable.

Matt. v. 28, τοῖς ἀρχαίοις. These words are rejected by Griesbach from his text, on the testimony of BDKS. 1, 17, 22, 28, 71, 72, 89, 106, 108, 114, 116, 117, 123, 125, 127, 131, 142, 157, 224, 225, 230, 235, 236. Ev. 7, 17, al. 50. Barber. 6. Mt. V. a. d. k. l. al. 11. Ed. Syr. Ar. p. (Syr. p. hab. c. ast.) Copt. Aeth. Arm. Goth. Slav. 4, 5. (hab. Slav. 2, 3. 6. ed.) cant. veron. verc. brix. Orig. Cyr. Theophyl. Euthym. Hilar.—It might be thought, we should imagine, upon this evidence in which MSS., versions, and fathers of every class and edition agree, that the words τοῖς ἀρχαίοις are spurious; yet so attached is Mr. Nolan to the *mumpsimus* system, that he says (Inquiry into the Integrity of the Greek

ings; and we offer them the following, which we have endeavoured to render complete.

- Jahn, J. Armänische Sprachlehre. Wien. 1795. 8vo.
- Chaldäische Chrestomathie. Ibid. 1800. 8vo.
- Chrestomathia et Lexicon Arab. Lat. 2 vols. 8vo. Ibid. 1802.
- Elementarbuch d. Hebräischen Sprache. 2 vols. 8vo. Ibid. 1802.
- Introductio in libros sacros Vet. Test. 8vo. Ibid. 1804. The same in German.
- Biblia Hebraica cum var. lectionibus. 4 vols. 8vo. Ibid. 1806.
- Enchiridion Hermeneuticæ generalis tabularum Vet. et Nov. Fœderis. Ibid. 1812. 8vo.
- Appendix Hermeneuticæ seu Exercitationes Exegeticæ. 2 vols. 8vo. Ibid. 1813. (Vaticinia de Messia.)
- Archæologia Biblica in Epitomen redacta. 8vo. Ibid. 1814.

Vulgate, p. 361, note 102. Lond. 1815,) "it may possibly be genuine, on the authority of the *revised* Italic and Syriac:" it should be observed, that according to his own testimony, these words are supported only by the Syriac!!! They are rightly rejected by our new translators.

Matt. vi. 13. ὅτι σου ἐστὶν ἡ βασιλεία, καὶ ἡ δύναμις, καὶ ἡ δόξα, εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας ἀμήν. The concluding clause of the Lord's prayer, in St. Luke, appears to have been originally, μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμόν; as is mentioned by a scholiast in Griesbach's *cod.* 36; and he says St. Matthew added the other. Griesbach, on the testimony of many authorities, rejects the whole of the above passage; and he is followed by Van Ess, who, without the least ceremony, removes it to his margin: Mr. Nolan, of course, (*Inquiry into the Greek Vulgate*, p. 380,) thrusts the whole of it, ἀμήν *inclusively*, into the text. It seems, upon the whole, to have arisen from some marginal scholion, which a transcriber, labouring under the *cacoethes augendi*, complimented with a place in the text; to which kind of civility, by the way, we owe a great many readings in the received text. Gregory Nyssen, as we learn from Griesbach, (*not. ad loc.*) concludes his exposition of the Lord's prayer in these words: χάριτι χριστοῦ, ὅτι αὐτοῦ ἡ δύν. καὶ ἡ δόξα ἅμα τῷ πατρὶ καὶ τῷ ἁγίῳ πνεύματι, νῦν καὶ ἀεὶ καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων ἀμήν, "sed pro parte sacri textus neutiquam hæc habuisse videtur. Similiter Cæsarius doxologiam non ut Scripturæ sed ut liturgiæ partem, bis affert hanc: σου ἐστὶ τὸ κράτος καὶ ἡ βᾶσ. καὶ ἡ δύν. καὶ ἡ δόξα τοῦ πατρὸς καὶ τοῦ υἱοῦ καὶ τοῦ ἁγίου πνεύματος, νῦν καὶ ἀεὶ καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων. Etiam Massalianos accusat Euthymius quod contemptant epiphonema προστεθὲν a patribus, hoc scilicet: ὅτι σου ἐστὶν ἡ βᾶσ. καὶ ἡ δόξα τοῦ πατρὸς καὶ τοῦ υἱοῦ καὶ τ. ἁγ. πν." Additional force, we conceive, is added to this conjecture, by the fact that the MSS. 157, 225, after δόξα, add the words; καὶ τοῦ πατρὸς, καὶ τοῦ υἱοῦ, καὶ τοῦ ἁγίου πνεύματος.

Matt. v. 18, ἐν τῷ φανερῷ. These words are omitted by the best authorities, and therefore are rejected by Greisbach and Van Ess: they were probably inserted by the transcribers to form an antithesis to the former part of the sentence: ὁ βλέπων ἐν τῷ κρυπτῷ, ἀποδώσει σοι ἐν τῷ φανερῷ.

Matt. xv. 8. Ἐγγίξει μοι ὁ λαὸς οὗτος τῷ στόματι αὐτῶν, καὶ τοῖς χεῖλεσί με τιμᾷ. Such is the common text: Griesbach and Van Ess retain only ὁ λαὸς οὗτος τοῖς χεῖλεσί με τιμᾷ.

Matt. xix. 17. τί με λέγεις ἀγαθόν; οὐδεὶς ἀγαθός, εἰ μὴ εἷς,

ὁ θεός. Instead of this, Griesbach, with very considerable authorities, substitutes, τί με ἐρωτᾷς περὶ τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ; εἷς ἐστὶν ὁ ἀγαθός. He is here literally copied by these new translators: "*Was fragst du mich über das Gute! Einer ist der Gute!*"

Matt. xx. 22. καὶ τὸ βάπτισμα, ὃ ἐγὼ βαπτίζομαι, βαπτισθῆναι; 23, καὶ τὸ βάπτισ. ὃ ἐγὼ βαπτίζ. βαπτισθήσεσθε. Both these sentences are omitted by Griesbach, and also by Van Ess.

Matt. xxvii. 35. ἵνα πληρωθῇ τὸ ῥηθὲν ὑπο τοῦ προφήτου· διμερίσαντο τὰ ἱμάτιά μου ἑαυτοῖς, καὶ ἐπὶ τὸν ἱματισμόν μου ἔβαλον κλῆρον. Following very many authorities, Griesbach discards this; MM. Van Ess have not gone so far as to throw it out of the text; but retaining it, have placed it between brackets, thus []

Having thus, at some length, mentioned the principal deviations from the received text in the gospel of St. Matthew, we shall merely refer the reader to the following places for more examples: Mark, iv. 24. vi. 11, 33. xiii. 14. Luke, iv. 18. ix. 56. x. 22. xi. 2, 4, 44. xvii. 35, 36. John, i. 27. v. 16. vi. 22.

John, vii. 53—viii. 11. This is the passage relating to the woman taken in adultery, respecting which critics have been much divided. Griesbach has retained the passage in his text, prefixing the mark of probable spuriousness; MM. Van Ess do the same, including it between brackets; the learned Michaelis is the advocate of its authenticity (Introduction to the N. T. vol. i. p. 315, ed. Marsh, 1802,) thinking that the transcribers were very likely to omit it in consequence of scruples respecting its tendency. The celebrated Adler has espoused the same side of the question; (Versiones Syriacæ examinatae, 4to. Harniæ, 1789, p. 189, compare Nolan's integrity of the Greek Vulg. p. 37,) and Dr. Middleton in his "Doctrine of the Greek Article, applied to the Criticism and Illustration of the N. T." p. 358, Lond. 1808, 8vo., has set up a defence for it, on the ground of internal evidence. He has remarked, that, according to the manner of stoning among the Jews, one of the witnesses was to throw the first stone, the punishment being completed by the bystanders. We read in verse 7, ὁ ἀναμάρτητος ὑμῶν—TON λίθον βαλέτω. He thinks, therefore, that the copyists, had they interpolated the passage, would not have thus accurately employed the article; especially since the phrase βάλλειν ΤΟΝ λίθον is no where else used in the

N. T. This is certainly an ingenious supposition, though it may be founded on too great a refinement, since several MSS. omit the article; namely, D. 1, 69, 124, Ev. 36, al. 24, Mt. V. al. 9. On the whole, however, we are inclined to think the passage genuine; it is certainly more likely to have been omitted than interpolated by the transcribers.

John, viii. 44. ὅτι ψεύστης ἐστὶ, καὶ ὁ πατὴρ αὐτοῦ. There is a considerable obscurity in this sentence according to the usual mode of translating it: English version; "*he is a liar, and the father of it:*" "*er ist ein lügner, und ein vater des lügners,*" is the translation of MM. Van Ess; Luther has, "*er ist ein lügner, und ein vater derselbigen.*" Those who would wish to see some very acute remarks on the subject, may consult Middleton on the Greek Article, p. 360.

John, xvii. 3. ἵνα γινώσκωσί σε τὸν μόνον ἀληθινὸν θεὸν καὶ ὃν ἀπέστειλας ἰησοῦν χριστόν. There are several ways of arranging this passage, which, for that reason, we have left unpointed: one is; ἵνα σε καὶ ὃν ἀπέστειλας ἰησοῦν χριστόν, τὸν μόνον ἀληθινὸν θεόν γινώσκωσι: another is; ἵνα σε γινώσκωσι (εἶναι) μόνον ἀληθινὸν θεόν, καὶ ὃν ἀπέστειλας ἰησοῦν (εἶναι) χριστόν. The third is; ἵνα γινώσκωσί σε (εἶναι) τὸν μόνον ἀληθινὸν θεόν, καὶ ἰησοῦν χριστόν (εἶναι ἐκεῖνον) ὃν ἀπέστειλας. The best, however, appears to be that adopted by Van Ess: "*dass sie erkennen dich, den einig wahren Gott, und welchen du gesandt hast, Jesum Christum.*"

Acts, xx. 28. τὴν ἐκκλησίαν [τοῦ θεοῦ] [τοῦ κυρίου] [τοῦ κυρίου καὶ θεοῦ] [τοῦ θεοῦ καὶ κυρίου] [κυρίου θεοῦ] [του χριστοῦ.] All these readings are found in this passage in various MSS. and other authorities: θεοῦ is the reading of the *received* text: κυρίου is adopted by Griesbach and MM. Van Ess: and τοῦ κυρίου καὶ θεοῦ, is considered as the reading next in value to it. It is not our intention to decide on the merits of the question: but we may be permitted to remark, that it would have been better to have retained the reading θεοῦ, in some way in Van Ess's translation; since this question cannot be considered as *decided*, as in the case of 1 John, v. 7. It needs not to have been retained in the text, but might have been placed in the margin, accompanied by a short note; or might even have been left there by itself, as in the case of the doxology, Matt. vi. 13. They who would examine the subject *critically*, should consult the notes on the passage in Wetstein's Greek Testament, 2 vols. fol. Amstelodami, 1753, and the *second* edition of Griesbach's Testament, 2 vols. 8vo. Halæ Saxonum, 1796—1806. This remark applies also to 1 Tim. iii. 16. and 1 John, v. 7.

1 Tim. iii. 16. Καὶ ὁμολογουμένως μέγα ἐστὶ τὸ τῆς εὐσεβείας μυστήριον. [Θεός] [ὁς] [ὃ] ἐφανερώθη ἐν σαρκί. Our readers are probably acquainted with the dispute respecting the reading of this verse. The first is that of the *received* text: the second, that adopted by Griesbach, and many critics of the present day: the third is considered only as laying claim to a considerable share of probability. It is very difficult to determine which is the true reading, Θεός or ὁς: either might have given rise to the other; the first being written in uncial MSS., ΘC, and the second OC, one might easily have been mistaken for the other: this is exemplified in the Alexandrian MS. With regard to the argument in general, we excuse ourselves by saying, *non nostrum tantas componere lites*. MM. Van Ess have adopted the reading ὁς: but have erred, we think, in translating εὐσεβείας by *Christenthums*; which is not so good a version, to say the least of it, as *Heiligkeit*.

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ART. IV. — *De Versione Pentateuchi Persica Commentatio* : scripsit E. F. C. ROSENMÜLLER. Lipsiæ, 1814. 4to. pp. 54. Imported by Black and Son, York Street, Covent Garden.

THE subject of the Persic versions of Scripture has, as our author remarks, very seldom been treated of even by those who have written critical Introductions to the Bible. Eichhorn, on the whole, the most learned Orientalist of the day, being ignorant of

N. T. This is certainly an ingenious supposition, though it may be founded on too great a refinement, since several MSS. omit the article; namely, D. 1, 69, 124, Ev. 36, al. 24, Mt. V. al. 9. On the whole, however, we are inclined to think the passage genuine; it is certainly more likely to have been omitted than interpolated by the transcribers.

John, viii. 44. ὅτι ψεύστης ἐστὶ, καὶ ὁ πατὴρ αὐτοῦ. There is a considerable obscurity in this sentence according to the usual mode of translating it: English version; "*he is a liar, and the father of it:*" "*er ist ein lügner, und ein vater des lügners,*" is the translation of MM. Van Ess; Luther has, "*er ist ein lügner, und ein vater derselbigen.*" Those who would wish to see some very acute remarks on the subject, may consult Middleton on the Greek Article, p. 360.

John, xvii. 3. ἵνα γινώσκωσί σε τὸν μόνον ἀληθινὸν θεὸν καὶ ὃν ἀπέστειλας ἰησοῦν χριστόν. There are several ways of arranging this passage, which, for that reason, we have left unpointed: one is; ἵνα σε καὶ ὃν ἀπέστειλας ἰησοῦν χριστόν, τὸν μόνον ἀληθινὸν θεὸν γινώσκωσι: another is; ἵνα σε γινώσκωσι (εἶναι) μόνον ἀληθινὸν θεόν, καὶ ὃν ἀπέστειλας ἰησοῦν (εἶναι) χριστόν. The third is; ἵνα γινώσκωσί σε (εἶναι) τὸν μόνον ἀληθινὸν θεόν, καὶ ἰησοῦν χριστόν (εἶναι ἐκεῖνον) ὃν ἀπέστειλας. The best, however, appears to be that adopted by Van Ess: "*dass sie erkennen dich, den einzig wahren Gott, und welchen du gesandt hast, Jesum Christum.*"

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THE subject of the Persic versions of Scripture has, as our author remarks, very seldom been treated of even by those who have written critical Introductions to the Bible. Eichhorn, on the whole, the most learned Orientalist of the day, being ignorant of

the language, confesses (1) himself unable to add any thing essential to what had been said by Walton (2) nearly two centuries before: and Jahn of Vienna (3), and Bertholdt (4), have done little, if any thing more (5). Since, therefore, the only accounts we have of these versions were written so long ago; and since the art of criticism, in general, has been so greatly improved from the period at which Walton wrote; it was high time that some inquiry should be instituted into the subject. This our author has amply and ably done; and we shall extract a few of his principal observations.

The version in question is supposed to have been made by Jacob-ben-Joseph, in the city of *Tus* (طوس) at present called *مشهد مقدس* or *مشهد*, where there once was a celebrated Jewish school. Who he was, and at what period he lived, we have no means of ascertaining: he appears, however, not to have flourished before the beginning of the ninth century; since he has translated *בבל*, Gen. x. 10. by *بغداد*. The city of Bagdad, according to Abu'lfeda (6), was not built before the year of the Hegira 145 = 762 P. C. N. That the author was a Jew, appears from several passages in the work itself; as well as from its being first published by the Jews at Constantinople in the year 1546, in Hebrew letters, with the original text, the Chaldee paraphrase of Onkelos, the Arabic version of R. Saadiah Gaon, and Jarchi's Commentary. From this rare edition, Hyde transcribed it in Persian characters, and printed it in the Appendix to the fourth volume of the London Polyglott.

It is evidently made from the Hebrew text, and not from any version. The style, far distant from Persic purity, strongly savours of Hebraisms: thus, Gen. i. 1. instead of *در اول خدا* we find, *در اول آفرید خدا مر آن*, *آسمانرا وزمینرا آفرید*. *آسمان ومر آن زمین*. The *π demonstrativum* of the Hebrews, is expressed by the pronoun demonstrative *آن* entirely contrary

(1) *Einleitung in das Alte Test.* vol. i. p. 685. ed. tert.

(2) *In Biblia Polyglotta Prolegom.* xvi. 7.

(3) *Einleitung in d. göttliche Bücher d. A. Bundes.* vol. i. p. 210.

(4) *Hist. krit. Einleit. in d. Schriften d. A. und N. T.* vol. ii. p. 631.

(5) Professor Bauer of Altdorf is remarkably laconic in his account of this version (*Entwurf einer Einleitung in d. Schriften d. A. T.* 8vo. Nürnberg, 1794. p. 198.) we transcribe the passage: "Nur der Pentateuch ist bis jezt in der Persischen Sprache bekannt, und zweimal gedruckt, in dem Polyglottenpentateuch von 1546, und in der Londner Polyglotte. Der Verfasser dieser Uebersetzung soll ein Jud aus Tus seyn, daher ihn die Gelehrten Tavirus nennen. Er folgt genau dem hebr. Original."

(6) *Annales Muslemici*, tom. ii. p. 14, 27. ed. Reisk. Adler.

to the genius of the Persian language. The particle *אם* is constantly rendered by *مر*. Gen. i. 14. the words *יהי מאורות* are translated *باشند روشناییها*, not *باشد روشناییها*. So also Gen. ii. 16. *بفرمود ؟؟ خدا ابر آن آدم بگفتن ار همه درخت گفت باو یهوده دگفتن* Gen. xliii. 3. *آن بوستان خوردن بکوری کواه گرفتن کواه گرفت در ایما آن مرد دگفتن نه بینید روی من بجز برادری شما او از شما* — The translator has even retained Hebrew words: *e. gr.* *שרי*, Gen. xvii. 1. xxviii. 3. and *אדהיה*, *אשר אדהיה*, and *אדהיה*, Exod. iii. 14; and the Hebrew text of whole verses, as in Numb. xxxiii. 10—35, 42—50. Frequently whole phrases are omitted: thus, Gen. iv. 16. we have only *برون آمد پیش بهشت*, the rest being omitted. Gen. vi. 2. *כי טבת הנה* are omitted (7). See also Gen. vii. 11. viii. 13. ix. 5, 6. x. 11. xv. 5. xvi. 1. xxii. 19. xxv. 13. xxvii. 41. These omissions seem to have proceeded, not from the fault of the Hebrew MS. from which the version was made, but from the carelessness of the translator, or perhaps of the transcriber of the version. Hyde has supplied the chasms with his own translation, enclosed between brackets: and has imitated the Hebraisms and errors of the version.

From Rosenmüller's list of remarkable translations we select the following examples:

Gen. i. 2. the word *מרחפת* is rendered *وزیده شوا spirans*, as it is by Onkelos.

Gen. i. 6, 7. *רקיע*. LXX. *σπινθηρίς*; lat. vet. *firmamentum*: Saadias *جلید*: Arabs, Erpenii *جلد*: Pers. *پردہ cortina, velamen expansum*, according to the sense of the word *רקע*, Isa. xlii. 5. Exod. xxxix. 3. Job xxxvii. 18. and the usual opinion of the Jews. See Psalm civ. 2. This is a far better rendering than ours, "*firmament*."

Gen. i. 27. the words *בצלם אלהים* are translated *در چهرهي* *بصورة شرفها الله*, *in forma quam nobilem reddidit Deus*. This last seems to convey a simple and sublime idea.

Gen. ii. 14. For *אשור* the Persic and Saadias have *موصل Mosul*, which city occupies the scite of the ancient Nineveh. See Assemani Bibliotheca Orientalis Clement. Vat. T. iii. P. ii.

(7) Rosenmüller, p. 6—9.

p. 710. and compare T. ii. Dissert. de Monophysit. s. voc. *Mosul*. Abu'lfeda, in his *Tables of Mesopotamia*, edited by Professor Rosenmüller in PAULUS' *Repertorium für Biblisch. u. Morgenländisch. Literatur*, vol. iii. speaks of a large city, then ruined, called *اثر* (not *انور* as printed by mistake in Paulus) situated near *Mosul*.

Gen. ii. 15. *וינחהו בגן-עדן* : Pers. *زما کرد اویرا در بستن بهشت*. *dimisit eum in horto Paradisi*. The word *بهشت* is derived from the old Zendic word *veheschtem*, which, in the *Zend-Avesta* (8), signifies the dwelling of *Ormuzd* and the celestial spirits; and is used by the modern Persians to denote Paradise (9).

Gen. iv. 1. the formule *ידע אשתו* is here, and in general, rendered by the Persian translator, *خلوت کرد اواز زن او*, *ἐνφύμωσ*. Saadias has *واقع زوجته*.

Gen. vi. 2. *فرستگان خدا בני אלהים* *Angeli Dei*.

Gen. xxx. 19, 34, 35. *החרפים* : the Persian translator has *آن اسطرلابها* *astrolabia*. We had long been inclined to imagine the *Teraphim* were something of this kind; and the knowledge of this rendering has greatly confirmed us. Our author has a note on this passage, but it is too long for us to transcribe.

Gen. xli. 8. *הרשמים* : *معتبران interpretes*.

Gen. xlix. 14. *יששכר חסר גרם* : *يششكر توانگر بمال* *Ischaschar praeptens opibus*. Onkelos, *עחיר בנכסין* *divis opibus*.

It appears, upon the whole, that in obscure passages, the translator has usually taken Onkelos as his guide;—that he sometimes agrees with Saadias; but it cannot be ascertained whether he made use of his version;—and that he generally illustrates ancient manners and rites by similar practices in his own age. See Gen. xxx. 14. xxxi. 19. xxxv. 17. xli. 43, 45. This may account for his translating *אשור* and *בבל*, Gen. ii. 14. x. 10. by *موصل* and *بغداد*. Another instance occurs, Levit. xxvi. 30.

(8) *Zend-A-vesta von Kleuker*, P. i. p. 89. and P. ii. p. 245. ed. 2.

(9) See a beautiful distich of Ferdusi (*شاه نامه*) quoted by Sir William Jones, *Works*, vol. ii. p. 314. and by Wilken, *Chrestomath. Pers.* p. 187. Lips. 1805.

ازین پس کنون تا به بس روز کار
شود چون بهشت آن لب جویبار

Rosenmüller.

where we find *من نیست کنم هر سردخانههای شما و بپریم هر شما* *atque annihilabo frigidarias domos vestras, et succidam solares domos vestras.* This can be explained only by a reference to Persian doctrines and customs. A still more remarkable example may be observed, Gen. xxx. 14., where the term *מנדקאים*, which, in our common version, is translated “mandrakes,” in the Persic is rendered *دستنبویها*; according to Hyde’s Latin Version *melones odorati*: but the word properly means, according to the famous poetical Lexicon, *فرهنگ سعوری*; whence Meninski derived his explanation of it—*Pastilli melonibus parvis similes, suavi odore, qui manu gestari solent.* These pastiles, Rosenmüller says (10), on the authority of Chardin (11), “*quibus vel corroborandi, vel venerem excitandi vim inesse putant, Persides in pyxidibus aureis argenteisve secum gestare solent.*”

The result of the author’s inquiries into this version is, that it accurately follows the present Masoretic text; which affords a proof that the MSS. of the Persian Jews do not contain readings essentially differing from any others. It occasionally agrees with other MSS. in slight deviations from the Masoretic text; but it has no *lectiones singulares* of its own. The instances which Rosenmüller has given are few in number, and not worth transcribing.

This treatise, in conformity with the usual custom in Germany, was published on the author’s being made ordinary Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Leipzig, Sept. 4, 1813. He gives notice that, on the same day, he intended to deliver a lecture, “*De mythis Orientalium recte dijudicandis*”; but this, we believe, has not been published. On the whole, we can recommend this work to the notice of the Biblical Critic, as a learned, elegant, and instructive publication. Its value may indeed be judged of from the reputation of the author, who, as we learn, is known in Germany as “*the Oriental Rosenmüller.*”

(10) *Commentatio*, p. 24.

(11) *Voyages en Perse*, nouv. ed. par Langlès. (Paris, 1811.) Tom. iv. p. 42.

ART. V.—*A Course of Lectures, containing a Description and Systematic Arrangement of the several Branches of Divinity; accompanied with an Account both of the Principal Authors, and of the Progress which has been made at different Periods in Theological Learning.* By HERBERT MARSH, D. D., F. R. S. *Margaret Professor of Divinity. Part IV. On the Interpretation of Prophecy.*—Rivington, London. Deightons, Cambridge. 1816.

THE Work which we are about to notice is the continuation of a Course of Theological Lectures, three Parts of which made their appearance at too early a period to be considered in our publication. The eminent character and abilities of its author, who is known to have borne a conspicuous part in several very important controversies, and to have become the object of much praise and much censure in the religious world in consequence of the part he bore, will lead our readers to expect that we should not confine our observations to this Fourth Part, but extend them to those which have been for some time in their hands. Every thing proceeding from such a man must be worthy of attention. His productions contain allusions at least to the religious disputes of the day; and, therefore, at a time like this when controversy is fashionable, they are sought after with eagerness by a large portion of the public. The motive of this curiosity is not in all cases the same, or equally favourable to the author; yet most of his readers are gratified by the perusal of his productions. Some have the pleasure of reading a work which they admire for its ingenuity, learning, and conformity to their own sentiments; others of finding fault with opinions which they consider indefensible. There are some, likewise, whose sensations are of a compound kind, being made up of pleasure and pain; those, we mean, who find that they themselves, or their opinions, have been noticed by this formidable foe of every thing false or trivial.

It never happens that the world is unanimous with respect to the merits of a distinguished public character; one party being as eager to discover and display his faults, as another is to magnify his virtues. The springs of human action are so various, that it is, in most cases, easy to assign both a good motive and a bad one for the same act; and the characters of men are of so mixed a kind, that the same

person is frequently pronounced all that is excellent by those who regard his higher qualities, and all that is worthless by those who consider only his inferior ones. It is not often that the prejudices of a contemporary will allow him to look at both at once, and to decide impartially. Fortunately for the wise and good, posterity commonly renders them that justice which has been denied them by the age in which they live.—When the controversies which now agitate the church shall be at rest, and the event shall have shewn which of the contending parties has contended the most sincerely for the truth, we shall be able to judge correctly of the merits of Dr. Marsh, both as a man and a controversialist. He who engages warmly in a religious dispute, must proceed with much more caution than the generality of men possess, if he is to escape invidious remarks. The proverbially irritable temper of those whose lives are consumed in solitude and study, which is so apt to break out even in unimportant literary contentions, is restrained, we may suppose, with peculiar difficulty, when all that is most valuable to a thinking creature is involved in the subject of dispute. It has accordingly happened, that the energy and vehemence which constitute the character of this author, have more than once been carried to an extreme of which his adversaries have been very impatient, and which cannot always be justified by his friends. But it should also be remembered, that his provocations have been many and great. Few situations can be conceived more trying and irritating than his has long been. Almost all those polemical writers and preachers who possess the favour of the multitude are against him. Though he has many friends, he has few public supporters; whilst his antagonists are numerous and bold. His intrepidity, joined to his exalted reputation, have exposed him to attacks which his office of Divinity Professor would not suffer him to leave unrepelled: and many around him have considered it *his peculiar duty* to watch over the state of religion, and to check the progress of error, whatever shape it might assume.

We heartily congratulate, not only Dr. Marsh, but the episcopal bench, on his recent promotion to the See of Landaff, on which the virtues of his predecessor have conferred an importance, which a larger revenue and a more extensive patronage could not have bestowed. The long and happy life (as he himself has, with becoming gratitude,

called it) of that venerable man, was spent in a series of useful and honourable employments, the beneficial effects of which are felt by every class of society. In him Cambridge has lost one of its greatest ornaments, the Church a steady supporter, mankind a friend and benefactor. His successor has an example set before him, which he will do well to imitate; and he can do so with more ease and more success too, we should think, than most other people, as it happens that, with regard to talents and acquirements, he has nothing to seek. We are aware, that there are some who think, at least they say, that a fitter person might have been selected to fill the vacant see. But we sufficiently approve the choice of a man, whom all (however some may dispute his *spiritual* qualifications,) acknowledge to be a "scholar—a ripe and good one;" and who has for his recommendation an extraordinary measure both of substantial learning and of general influence and worth.

Our readers can hardly require to be informed, that the Lectures before us were delivered annually, in Parts, before the University of Cambridge, by the Margaret Professor of Divinity, who laudably departed from the custom of his predecessors in thus diffusing knowledge, instead of holding his office as a sinecure. Some people not conversant with the constitutions of the Universities, will be somewhat surprised to hear that there are *sinecures* even in them; and that no return of labour, call it duty, is *required* of those who enjoy the richest professorships in their gift.—The plan of these Lectures is so comprehensive, that though conciseness and brevity have been every where studied, Four Parts have been published without bringing the subject to a conclusion. They profess to relate to all the branches of theology, which are not only to be described, but to be systematically arranged, so as to produce *conviction* in the student; and they contain, as the title page expresses, an account both of the principal authors, and of the progress which has been made at different periods in theological learning. "They describe, as well the fruits which have been gathered, as the storehouses in which the fruits have been preserved;" but we are given to understand, that "they do not contain the fruits themselves: or they may be compared with a map and a book of directions, from which the traveller may learn the road which he must take, the stages which he must go, and the places where he must stop, in order to arrive with the greatest ease and safety at his journey's end."—We

shall now extract the author's account of the end of the journey to which they are intended to lead.

"Is it the object of elements, thus general and comprehensive, to generalize Christianity itself, to represent it in the form of a general theorem, from which individual creeds are to be deduced as so many corollaries? Or is it their object to maintain one particular creed, to the exclusion of all others? The latter may appear to be less liberal than the former, but it is only so in appearance; while the advantages ascribed to the former are as imaginary as those possessed by the latter are substantial. It is difficult to conceive any thing more painful, or more injurious to the student in divinity, than to be left in a state of uncertainty, what he is at last to believe or disbelieve. Where no particular system of faith is inculcated, where a variety of objects is represented without discrimination, the minds of the hearers must become so unsettled, they must become so bewildered in regard to the choice of their creed, as to be in danger of choosing none at all. The attempt to generalize Christianity in order to embrace a variety of creeds, will ultimately lead to the exclusion of all creeds; it will have a similar effect with Spinoza's doctrine of Pantheism; it will produce the very opposite to that which the name itself imports. And, as Pantheism, though nominally the reverse, is in reality but another term for Atheism; so Christianity, when generalized, is no Christianity at all. The very essentials of Christianity must be omitted, before we can obtain a form so general as not to militate against any of the numerous systems, which, in various ages, have been denominated Christian. Some particular system must be adopted, as the object and end of our theological study. What particular system must be the object and end of our theological study, cannot be a question in this place: it cannot be a question with men, who are studying with the very view of filling conspicuous stations in the Church of England. That system then, which was established at the Reformation, and is contained in our liturgy, our articles, and our homilies, is the system to which all our labours must be ultimately directed.

"If it be objected, that the student will thus be prejudiced in favour of a particular system before he has had an opportunity of comparing it with others, one answer to the objection has been already given, namely, that, however specious the plan of teaching Christianity on a broad basis, it is incapable of being reduced to practice; that, if various systems be taught, they must be taught, not in union, but in succession; and, consequently, that at least in point of time some one system must have the precedence. Further, as a comparison of the doctrine of the Church of England with the doctrines of other churches, will form a part of these very Lectures; as a review will be taken of other systems, when our own has been examined, and no advice will be given to shrink from inquiry, I hope I shall not be accused of attempting to fetter the judgment of my hearers in a matter of such importance as religious faith.

"After all, should the selection of a particular system, as the object of our primary consideration, be attended with the unavoidable consequence, that a predilection be formed in regard to that system, which may render us less disposed to listen to the claims of any other, than perhaps strict impartiality might require, it may be asked, whether such consequence is really a matter of regret? Is it a thing to be lamented, that members of the Church of England are educated with prepossessions in favour of the national Church? Or is it want of candour in a professor, who, after an examination of other systems, can discover none, which he thinks so good

as his own, to show more regard to this system than to any other? Can it be blamable at a season, when every exertion is making by the very means of education, by education conducted both openly and privately, to alienate the rising generation from the established church, can it be blamable, or rather is it not our bounden duty, at such a season, to call forth all our energies, in making education, on our part, *subservient* to the established church?"

Few, we presume, will object to the system of the Church of England being made the object and end of theological study in an English University, whatever may be their private opinion with respect to that system; and most people will readily allow a professor of divinity to direct his principal attention to the doctrines of his own church. One fanatic, it seems, has objected to this; but no man has seconded him. At the conclusion of the passage we have transcribed, there is a manifest allusion to the dispute respecting the mode of educating the poor, which, about the time when the first Lecture was delivered, attracted particular attention. The part which Dr. Marsh took in that discussion is well known; and we shall avoid giving any opinion upon it, both as the subject itself has been nearly exhausted, and as the dispute has been for some time terminated, by each party adopting its own plan, and each founding schools on the principles it approved. Experience will one day decide who they are who have been in the right.

In the second Lecture, the author proposes a new division of the subject, and a new arrangement of the several branches of theology. We cannot here enter into his arguments, with a view to prove the necessity of a new division and arrangement, and the imperfection of those which have been already proposed. He has gone far beyond his predecessors; and the following arrangement will answer the purpose, if not the expectation, of every student in divinity:

- "1. The first branch relates to the *criticism* of the Bible.
- "2. The second to the interpretation of the Bible.
- "3. The third to the authenticity and credibility of the Bible.
- "4. The fourth to the divine authority of the Bible, or the evidences for the divine origin of the religions recorded in it.
- "5. The fifth branch relates to the inspiration of the Bible.
- "6. The sixth to the doctrines of the Bible, which branch is subdivided into,
 - " Doctrines deduced by the Church of England.
 - " Doctrines deduced by other churches.

"7. The seventh and last branch relates to ecclesiastical history."

A proper distinction is here made between the *criticism* and the *interpretation* of the Bible; and the first place is assigned to the criticism. Very little reflection will be necessary, to convince one that this is not a frivolous distinction between two things which might without impropriety be confounded; but it has been and will continue to be maintained, that a student may safely begin with that branch to which Dr. M. has assigned the second place. This opinion is stoutly combated in this Lecture, and we agree with the professor—if we rightly understand his meaning. He surely would not be understood to mean, that no person is qualified to proceed to the interpretation of the Bible, who is not already perfectly master of the criticism of the Bible; his meaning probably is, that every interpreter ought to be so far skilled in the original languages, as to be capable of reading and understanding the criticisms of others. By criticism, "we ascertain what an author has actually *written*:" by interpretation, "we ascertain what is really the author's *meaning*." Now he can hardly be said to have any pretensions to the character of an expounder of *scripture*, who, when doubts occur concerning the *meaning* of an obscure, or apparently inconsistent passage, has not the means in himself, or from others, of satisfying himself and others, whether that passage stands properly in the Bible or not; or whether it has, or has not suffered *alteration* since it proceeded from the hand of the writer. But to be satisfied of this, does not require those critical abilities to which the professor owes his great reputation; because it does not generally require any very great quantity of learning to be able to decide, pretty accurately, upon the ample evidence which the labours of others have collected. It is, however, not the less true, that no one can safely be depended on as a good interpreter, who is not previously a good critic; and this we say while we are of opinion that, as great skill in either cannot be easily or speedily acquired, the student, after he has made some progress in the first branch, may well be allowed to turn his attention to the second, and to study them both together. It is, we all know, of the last importance to every man to be early acquainted with the doctrines and events recorded in the Bible, with the terms upon which salvation is offered to the human race; and it

would hardly be right to defer the investigation of those indispensable truths, till we are become satisfied, *by our own researches*, of the integrity and purity of the texts in which we read them.

If a student should be convinced of the necessity of making himself master of all the preceding branches before he proceeded to study the doctrines of the Bible, which occupy only the sixth place in the series, his life would, perhaps, be almost consumed before he could have obtained the necessary qualifications; and many excellent persons would thus be excluded from the Church, if not for ever—certainly till those powers had been greatly impaired, which qualify them to become active and useful members of it. The learned lecturer, no doubt, is well aware, that the theological knowledge which he himself had acquired, when he was first admitted to holy orders, bore no proportion to that which he has acquired since; and he himself applauds the wisdom of our ancestors, who ordered that no degree in divinity should be conferred upon any person, till long after the time at which they permitted him to be ordained. An intimate acquaintance with every part of the system is necessary to constitute a profound divine; but, happily, so much is not absolutely requisite for a zealous and useful discharge of the duties of the pastoral office. We are very far from being advocates for an unlearned clergy; and could wish that no one should be admitted to priest's orders, who has not made considerable progress in every branch of divinity: but when we consider of how much more importance it is that a clergyman be a good man, than that he be a learned man, we cannot help thinking that Dr. M. himself will one day allow his system to be departed from by the majority of candidates for orders. As Bishop of Landaff, we are persuaded he will often feel pleasure in laying hands upon a young man, whose moral qualities and sanctity of life are more conspicuous than his abilities and erudition; and whose acquaintance with the doctrines of the Bible surpasses his knowledge of the language in which they were originally written. Nevertheless, he would do well in advising him to prosecute his theological studies with unremitting industry; and could not do better than recommend to him to prosecute them, as much as possible, after the plan which he has himself proposed. The course of study which Bishop Burnet has recommended to those intended

for the ministry, and to those who have recently engaged in it, is well calculated to form a good and able theologian; that here proposed, with a view somewhat different, is more extensive and laborious. But no conscientious clergyman will think any pains too great which he can bestow upon a study, the object of which is to produce *rational conviction* in himself, and to give weight and effect to his exhortations to others.

The third Lecture contains "an account of those very useful works, which are known by the name of Introductions to the Bible," whether written by our own countrymen, or by foreigners, with the time of their publication; after which, the author proceeds to "a particular examination of sacred criticism;" and takes "a review of what has been done in different ages, with respect to this primary branch of theology." He begins with an account of the labours of Origen in the emendation of the Septuagint, which had become very necessary, from causes which we cannot stop to detail. The history of this incredibly laborious work, which is commonly known by the name of the *Biblia Hexapla*, is particularly interesting, as it has served almost all as a foundation for subsequent revisions.—In the fourth Lecture, we have an account of the progress made by sacred criticism during the early and middle ages, and of the "works from which a more ample knowledge of those critical labours may be derived."—The subject of the fifth and sixth Lectures is the criticism of the Greek Testament. After having "taken a general review of the causes which operated, till the invention of printing, in producing the variations of the Greek text," the Professor enters upon "the more agreeable office of recording the attempts which have been made in later ages to restore it to its original purity." For "this purpose," he observes,

".... It is necessary to give a description, or history of the critical editions of the Greek Testament; that is, a description of all those editions, which were printed either wholly from Greek manuscripts, or with emendations from Greek manuscripts, or with a critical apparatus, for the purpose of emendation. In this description, an account of the materials employed by each editor, and of the use which he made of them, must form an essential part; for hence only can we determine the value of his edition. We must observe also the influence of proceeding on subsequent editions, and trace the progress of the Greek text throughout its several stages.

"The description must be divided into two periods. The one commences with the first edition of the Greek Testament, and ends with the Elzevir edition of 1624: the other includes the critical editions, which have

appeared from that time to the present. The first period is limited by the Elzevir edition of 1624, because this edition forms an epocha in the history of the Greek text. After having fluctuated, during more than a century, in the preceding editions, the Greek text acquired in *this* edition a consistency, which it has retained to the present day. In *this* edition was established the Greek text, which is now in daily use, and is known by the name of the Textus Receptus. The description, therefore, of the first period will record the gradual formation of this text, and will furnish an estimate of its excellence or defects. Nor will the description of the second period be less important, for it will contain the rise and progress of that critical apparatus, which now enables us to form a more accurate text, than it was possible to form at an earlier period."

All this has been performed in a manner calculated to insure the approbation of every candid reader. We every where perceive that the author is fully master of his subject; and that he knows how to express, with clearness and precision, what he so thoroughly understands. He has even contrived to infuse into this rather unpromising subject a degree of interest, which few will expect to find; and his general treatment of it gives him a strong claim upon the gratitude of every student in divinity.—Enough, we trust, has now been said to silence those writers, who, in defiance of common sense and the most irrefragable arguments, have hitherto continued to maintain the purity of the Greek text generally in use. Such persons seem to think that the discovery of various readings of some passages in the sacred writings may have a tendency to raise doubts with respect to the truth of the whole; whereas nothing would be easier than to show, that the effect produced must be directly contrary. For the sake of some of our readers we transcribe the following judicious passage:

"With respect to the labours of the learned, which belong to the second period in the critical history of the Greek text, it has been their object to obtain a copy of the Greek Testament, which shall come as nearly as possible to the original records. Now, if it is thought desirable to obtain an accurate text for the Plays of Terence or the Odes of Horace, and the prosecution of this purpose be deemed an object for the talents of a Bentley, surely the smallest emendation must be deemed important in that work, which is the source of religious faith. And be it observed, that no emendation from conjecture, no emendation unfounded on documents, or not warranted by preponderating authority, is admissible in the Greek Testament. It is true, that the various readings which affect the sense, bear but a small proportion to the whole number: but who would not choose to read a gospel or an epistle rather in *original*, than in synonymous expressions.

"On the other hand, care must be taken not to magnify this subject beyond the limits of its real importance. To the theologian, who undertakes to establish the authenticity of the Greek Testament, it is of conse

quence to ascertain its very words, its very syllables. But, for the common purposes of religious instruction, the text in daily use is amply sufficient. For, whatever difference in other respects may exist between this text and the Greek manuscripts, or whatever difference may exist among the manuscripts themselves, they all agree in the important articles of Christian faith; they all declare, with one accord, the doctrine of the Trinity, and the doctrine of the atonement by Jesus Christ."

The criticism of the Greek Testament is brought to a conclusion in the ninth Lecture; and the subject of the three following is the criticism of the Hebrew Bible, which is handled with equal skill.

In the 3d and 4th Parts the lecturer treats of the interpretation of the Bible. He is at great pains to prove, what the ignorant alone are likely to deny, that the work of interpretation is a work of no common difficulty, and that no man can possess the qualifications requisite in an interpreter of the Bible till he understands the language of the Bible. He very properly recommends to the younger part of his audiences to turn their attention, in a particular manner, to Oriental literature; which, indeed, has been too much neglected in this country; and insists upon the necessity of the use of reason and learning, in opposition to those who "aspire to the possession of *higher* means of interpretation."—"To place implicit confidence in a translation," he observes, "is characteristic of the Church of Rome."

"It is the privilege of *Protestants* to appeal to the *inspired originals*. We do not believe that our *translators* were inspired, though the Jews believed it of their *Septuagint* translators. The early *Reformers*, especially Luther and Melancthon, thought it one of the most important advantages obtained by the Reformation, that the learned were no longer forced to walk in the trammels of an *authorized version*, but were at liberty to open the *originals*. Nor have the *foreign* Protestant clergy, from the period of the Reformation to the present age, appealed, either in academic disputations, or in writings designed for the learned, to any other scriptural authority, than that of the *Hebrew*, and the *Greek*. For those, indeed, who were unable to *understand* the originals, they provided translations conducted according to the best of their abilities. And since it is infinitely better to read the scriptures in a *translation*, than not to read them at all, the legislature of different Protestant countries has wisely provided for the reading of them in churches, according to those translations which are most approved. But the high and decisive authority, belonging to the inspired *originals*, was never supposed by any *Protestant*, at least not by any *real* Protestant, to attach to a *mere translation*; though the Church of *Rome* requires such authority for her *own* authorized version. When a *Protestant* government has selected a particular translation and appointed it to be read in churches, this selection and appointment has implied only, that such translation was the best which could *then* be obtained. But it did not imply *perfection*, or that no *future* amendment could be required,

Indeed we know that the English version, which had been authorized by Queen Elizabeth, was exchanged for *another* version, authorized by James the First. We have, therefore, a precedent in our own church, for following the advice of Archbishop Newcome, and *again* revising by authority our English version. But whether we revise it or not, there is one inference, which must be drawn from the preceding remarks, namely, that we cannot be qualified for the interpretation of the Bible, till we understand the *language* of the Bible."

We have presented the reader with this passage principally on account of the concluding observations, from which we learn that Dr. M. is an advocate for another *authorized* version of the sacred Scriptures. The possibility of improving upon the translation now in use will hardly be denied, even by those who are most willing to allow the validity of its claims on our reverence and admiration. Dr. Campbell's excellent translation of the Four Gospels, is indeed a practical poof that it is capable of considerable improvements. Before, however, we proceed to make any alteration *by authority*, it is important that two things should be distinctly ascertained: First, that it is prudent to alter, in any manner, a version which is held in so great and deserved esteem, to which we have been so long accustomed, and which most dissenters agree with us in using; and, secondly, that such alteration should be made, "with the sanction of the higher powers, for the use of churches." With respect to the first of these points, we have ourselves but little doubt: the second is a question of much greater difficulty. In Dr. Campbell's preface there is the following passage, which we feel assured none of our readers will be displeased with us for inserting. The opinion of such a man is entitled to our respect; and, though all may not be convinced by his arguments, none ought to refuse them an attentive consideration.

"To establish a version of Scripture by human authority, to be used by the people (without any regard had to their sentiments) in the public service of God, to the express exclusion of every other version, is a measure, about the propriety of which, at any time, I am far from satisfied. The public use of particular translations of the Bible in the churches, oriental and occidental, for many centuries, took its rise solely from the general use in private; and to this private use, no doubt, the favourable opinion of the pastors, such especially as were eminent for piety and learning, greatly contributed. But then the effect was produced gradually and tacitly; in consequence of which, it appeared the result of the people's free choice, though not formally declared, well enough understood. It was in this way, certainly, that the old Italic first came into use in the Latin Church; and it was in this way, from the growing predilection of the people, that the present Vulgate came at length to supplant it. It was fortunate for the success of Jerom's version that no sanguine patron stood

forth to push it into notice, and that no law was made commanding its reception, and prohibiting the public use of the Italic. Though men's opinions and attachments, even in matters which do not so deeply affect them as religion, cannot, at the command of a superior, be changed in a moment, the same effect will often, by proper means, be produced in a gentle and gradual manner.

"Immediately after the Reformation, the opportunity was very favourable for procuring, among those who favoured the measures of the Reformers, a welcome reception to any version of the Bible into the vulgar tongue, which had the approbation of the heads of the party. If gratified in the thing chiefly wanted, they would not be critical as to the mode of introduction; and if, from the changes in their rulers, there had been some changes in relation to the Scriptures to be read in the congregation; what was established, in some places, was of so short continuance, that the mind could hardly be said to be pre-occupied by it. But the case, at present, is widely different. Learning is in more hands. Critics are multiplied. The press is open; and every cavil, as well as every argument, is quickly circulated. Besides, the prepossession in favour of the translation to which we have been so long habituated is, at this day, very strong. Add to all this, that the religious, as well as the civil rights of mankind were never better understood; the genuine principles of toleration had never greater influence. How then should we be affected, upon hearing that we are recommended, under pains and penalties by our superiors, to read, and cause to be read in our churches, such a particular translation of the Bible only, and never more to admit into the sacred service that version to which we have been hitherto all our lives accustomed, and for which we have contracted a great veneration. For my part, I will not dissemble the matter; I should think such a measure exceedingly incongruous to the spirit of that religion which the legislators, perhaps, intended to serve by it; and no less unseasonable, in respect of the age and country in which we live. I perfectly agree with Tertullian, that religion and coercion of any kind, are utterly incompatible. '*Humani juris et naturalis potestatis est, unicuique quod putaverit colere.*' Again: '*Nec religionis est cogere religionem, quæ sponte suscipi debeat, non vi.*' I cordially subscribe to the sentiment of Lactantius, who deems it essential to the value of every thing in religious service, in respect both of the object and of the mode, that it be voluntary: '*Nihil est tam voluntarium quam religio, in qua si animus sacrificantis aversus est, jam sublata, jam nulla est.*' Nor does it make any difference in the nature of the thing, whether the power that would compel us be called civil or ecclesiastical.

"But is there nothing then which can with propriety be attempted by the higher powers, spiritual or temporal, for promoting the success of an accurate translation of the Bible? The utmost which, in my judgment, can be done, if such a version should in any future period be offered to the public, is to remove the obstruction which those powers have heretofore raised to prevent its introduction, and to permit (not command) the use of it, wherever it shall be found agreeable to the people, and judged by the pastors to be edifying."

In the 19th Lecture, which treats of the Interpretation of Types, there is a "digression on the Sacrament of Baptism, as connected with Regeneration, occasioned by the present controversy on that subject." At some future

time we may take occasion to make remarks on that controversy, which we are prevented from doing at present from the want of room. That part, however, of the work which relates to the Interpretation of Prophecy is of a nature much too important to be passed over in silence. It contains an attack upon Bishop Warburton's celebrated system of primary and secondary senses, which we really do not see how the advocates of that system will be able to repel. It is painful to witness the overthrow of a beautiful and ingenious theory; and we would gladly stretch out a helping hand to save it—if we could. It cannot recover from the shock it now receives. It would be to do an injury to these overpowering arguments, to present them to the reader in any other dress than that in which they appear in the Lectures: we therefore extract the Professor's summary of the system proposed by the author of the *Divine Legation*, and of the arguments by which he has attempted its destruction. To prevent, however, any alarm, which might otherwise have been excited, lest Christianity itself should suffer by this attempt to destroy the credit of a work written in support and confirmation of its truths, the inquiry is preceded by a long series of examples of prophecies, which must be allowed to have related to the Messiah in their *primary* and *literal* sense, and to no one else. Having thus shown that we need not search in vain for passages which testify of Christ, "we may now," he observes, "without anxiety, inquire into the foundation of *that* sense, which is sometimes called *the remote* sense, at other times the *mystical* sense, at other times the *secondary* sense, of prophecy. For, let the result of an inquiry into *secondary* senses be what it will, the prophecies, which testify of Christ according to their *primary* sense, are sufficiently numerous to supply us with arguments for the truth of our religion."—P. 61.

"According to this explanation, the existence of secondary senses in Hebrew prophecy is founded on the supposition of their logical propriety, and moral fitness. The secondary sense of a prophecy is there represented, as having the same relation to the primary sense which an antitype has to its type. But, if the primary and secondary senses of prophecy are subservient to the same end with types and antitypes, it is inferred, that they rest on the same foundation. As the Jews, for instance, when they sacrificed their paschal lamb, were not aware that this was a type prophetic of the sacrifice of Christ; so it is argued, that there might be *verbal* prophecies of the same event, though the *literal* meaning of those prophecies no more suggested that event to the Jews, than the *type*, by which it was prefigured. And the *moral fitness*, as well of primary and secondary senses,

on the one hand, as of types and antitypes on the other, is argued on the following grounds: the law being only a preparation for the gospel, the Jews were kept in ignorance about the real tendency of types, till those types were superseded by the accomplishment of their antitypes; for, if they had *previously* understood the meaning of those types, they might have neglected the law, before the fulness of time was come. A foreknowledge of its intended abolition, a foreknowledge that it was only a shadow of better things to come, might have induced them to disregard the *preparatory* dispensation, even during the period while it was destined to last: but the same reason, as is further argued, for which the Jews were kept in ignorance about the meaning of *types* relating to the Messiah, must have operated also in the case of *verbal prophecy* relating to the Messiah. The same veil of obscurity, which was thrown over the former, is supposed, therefore, to have been necessarily thrown over the latter, in order to preserve consistency in the several parts of the Jewish Dispensation. And, to this purpose, nothing is supposed to have been better adapted, than the use of *secondary* senses; because these senses are so remote from the literal sense, that they occurred not to the prophets themselves. Lastly, to the objection, that secondary or mystical senses may be multiplied without end, while the literal or primary sense of a passage can be only *one*; it is answered, that when the system is so explained, the secondary sense has no less its limit than the primary sense, the one being determined by a reference to the *Christian* Dispensation; as the other is determined by a reference to the *Jewish* Dispensation."

The evidence against this theory is summed up as follows:

"After all, then, it appears that there is no *system whatever* by which we can either establish the *existence* of secondary senses, or by which, on the *supposition* of their existence, we can discover their real meaning. We must be contented, therefore, as at the beginning of the preceding Lecture, to resolve the question of secondary senses into a question of *authority*. In whatever case a passage of the Old Testament, which, according to its strict and literal sense, relates to some earlier event in the Jewish history, is yet applied, either by Christ, or by an *Apostle* of Christ, to what happened in *their* days; and, moreover, is so applied, as to indicate that the passage is *prophetic*; of such passage we must conclude on *their authority*, that beside its plain and primary sense, it has also a remote or secondary sense. The difficulties, which no human system can remove, are in such cases removed by Divine Power; the discoveries, which human reason attempts in vain, are there unfolded by divine intelligence; and the same divine authority, which *communicated* the prophecy, interposes to explain the prophecy. Though we *ourselves* are unable to discover any other meaning in a Hebrew prophecy, than that which the words themselves convey by their own proper import; yet, when we have *such* authority for the opinion, that beside the plain or primary sense which the words convey to *us*, they have also a remote or hidden sense, which the words do *not* convey to *us*, it would be presumptuous to question the *existence* of that sense, by opposing the result of our own researches to the decisions of unerring wisdom.

"Notwithstanding the difficulties, therefore, which attend the notion of secondary senses *in general*, we must allow that there are *some* passages of the Old Testament which really *have* a secondary sense. But since in every instance where a passage of the Old Testament has

secondary sense, the existence of that secondary sense depends *entirely* on the divine authority, which has *ascribed* it to the passage, we must wholly *confine* the application of a secondary sense to those particular passages to which a secondary sense has been ascribed by divine authority. There is no supposed logical propriety; no supposed moral fitness, which can either establish the existence, or lead to the discovery of such senses. It is authority, and authority *alone*; though we may fairly presume from the very exercise of such authority, that in every instance where a secondary sense is applied by such authority, there is a moral fitness for the application. But then the application does not depend on such moral fitness: it depends on the authority itself. And since this authority is confined to *individual cases*, the doctrine of secondary senses is reducible to *no system*. As in the relation of types to antitypes we cannot go beyond those particular examples which are ratified by Divine authority, so in *every* instance the same divine authority must be produced, before we can recognise, in a prophecy of the Old Testament, both a primary and a secondary sense.

“Indeed, if we once transgress the limit prescribed by *this* authority, it will be difficult to find *any* limit to the introduction of secondary senses. For since the secondary sense of a passage is a sense which the words do not convey of *themselves*, it is manifest that, as soon as we begin to trust in our *own* interpretation, we shall interpret without rule or guide. Though no passage can have more than *one* grammatical meaning, yet, as soon as we begin to indulge ourselves in the invention of *mystical* meanings, it is impossible to say where we shall stop. We shall come at length to that wantonness of interpretation which is displayed by most of the Jewish commentators, and by many among the Christian Fathers. We have already seen that there is no analogy between the interpretation of prophecy and the interpretation of allegory, unless indeed it should so happen that an allegory was meant to be *prophetic*, which, however, is not its usual character. But such was the fondness for allegorical interpretation, that instead of confining it to *allegory itself*, both Jewish and Christian commentators have extended it to history and prophecy, where it is wholly inapplicable. When allegorical interpretation is employed where it properly belongs, namely, in the interpretation of a real allegory, there is always a *connexion* between the literal and the allegorical sense. There is always a *clue* which leads us from one sense to the other. But if we endeavour to find an allegorical sense, either in *history* or in *prophecy*, we endeavour to find a sense with which the literal sense is wholly unconnected. The sense therefore will be supplied by mere imagination; and not only will different interpreters invent different senses, but even the *same* interpreter may invent as many as he pleases. Indeed there have been Jewish commentators, who have boasted that they could discover seventy midrashim, or mystical meanings in one sentence. *Some* limit, therefore, is absolutely necessary, and enough has been already said, to show, that the *only* limit in which we can confide, is the limit assigned by the authority of Christ and his Apostles.”

“This appeal to authority, as the foundation of secondary senses, is consistent also with the plan which is adopted in these lectures; for it has been *already* shewn, that there are prophecies which foretell the coming of Christ, according to their literal and primary sense. By these *prophecies*, united with the argument from miracles, we establish the divine authority of Christ and his Apostles, *independently* of secondary senses. When we

appeal therefore to their authority *in proof* of secondary senses, we are not liable to the charge of arguing *in a circle*. Such a charge applies only to those, who, while they undertake to prove the truth of our religion from *prophecy*, yet argue only on the supposition of *secondary* senses; for, as the *existence* of secondary senses depends on the authority of Christ and his Apostles, we cannot *argue* from those senses to the truth of our religion, without taking for granted the thing to be proved; but, on the other hand, though we cannot apply them to that particular purpose, there are other purposes to which they *may* be applied; for, though they prove nothing *by themselves*, yet, when combined with those prophecies which relate to the Messiah, in their *primary* sense, they serve at least to illustrate that unity of design which connects the Jewish with the Christian Dispensation."

We now close a work by which we have been highly gratified, in the hope that the author's recent exaltation to the bench will not be the means of preventing the completion of a work in which so much progress has been made, and that we shall soon be presented with another *Part*, not inferior in merit to any of the preceding. His lordship no longer retains the title and emoluments of Professor; but he still retains the privilege, and we hope an inclination also, to devote some portion of his time and talents to the improvement of those among whom that Church, for which he so strenuously contends, is destined to find its champions and supporters.

ART. VI.—*Travels in Brazil.* By HENRY KOSTER. 4to.
Longman. 1816.

SOUTH AMERICA, so prominent on the globe of the earth, is likely to become equally conspicuous, even in our own times, in the scale of nations. Less familiar with its inhabitants than with those of the northern division of the new world where we have long had a home; less acquainted also with its greatly diversified surface, its lengthened rivers, its deep vallies, and its mountains that look down upon the clouds; we are readily and much attracted by any work respecting it, that promises to supply information, or to gratify curiosity. Of the American Peninsula as a whole, we long ago had well composed histories, and recently we have had the writings of several judicious travellers. But of

that portion of it to which this author calls our attention, the notices we have are comparatively few. Mr. Southey, to be sure, has published the first volume of his *History of Brazil*, and a masterly valuable work it is. Of travellers to that country Mr. Koster is the last, but far indeed from being the least. He visited it, however, not for the purpose of writing about it, but to seek for health; "and during his residence he had no intention of publishing any account of what he saw and heard;" and yet his narration will be found at once entertaining and useful; though, it may fairly be presumed, neither so entertaining nor so useful as it would have been, had he, with a view to publication, described objects fully while in his view, and recorded events while the circumstances of them were quite fresh in his recollection.

In Brazil, so favourable for commerce as to have once kept the parsimonious Hollanders in arms for years, so congenial to the human constitution as to allure to its shores those who might sink under the pressure of our grosser atmosphere, and so enriched and beautified by the hand of Nature, as to be one of the places of resort of many of our best botanists and naturalists, there has lately sprung up a kingdom, which the pious and devout king John will, doubtless, try to rear, as the Incas in an adjoining country long since did their authority, on the sacred mysteries of religion. The erection of a throne there does not, however, compensate the diminution of the number of thrones so unfeelingly caused by the antiroyalism of the allied sovereigns of Europe; for John, like our own sovereign, is the ruler of only an united kingdom. Yet the knowledge of its existence may touch the feelings of Napoleon, who sees in it, as in other signal instances, him exalted whom he laboured to depress. Portugal, which, viewed in conjunction with its colonies, was never considered the least important of the European monarchies, is now, however, little more than a province to Brazil; not that the one has lost much, but that the other has gained much;—and to whom, next to Providence, ought we to ascribe this transfer of empire? To the gloomy recluse of St. Helena? or the neglected hero of Acre? to him who rendered it necessary for an irresolute prince to fly the fraternal embrace? or to him who tore away the prince from the fate of the foolish Ferdinand, and, in an auspicious hour, gave him and his falling fortunes to the Atlantic gales? It matters not to which. Portugal is less than before only

in name; Brazil is greater than before in actual prosperity, richer far in pleasing hope.

Mr. Koster supposing it possible, as he might reasonably enough do, that there may be some defects in a work, even after an author has done his best, modestly tells us not only that it was not his original purpose to write, but that he fears "the idiom of a foreign language (the Portuguese) is more familiar to him than his own," &c. His style is, however, as expressive and perspicuous as that of a book of travels ought to be; and we observe nothing unbritish in his idiom, except his telling us that he was born in Portugal, and at the same time flattering us by insisting upon it that he is an Englishman. "Among judicious readers, the style of works of this description will be regarded as of little importance." But this author's is good; and had it been otherwise, Mr. Southey, to whom he acknowledges himself indebted for advice and the use of his library, and Dr. Traill, who has assisted him in drawing up his Appendix, would have taken care to render it tolerable. For nothing was likely to be bad which they had revised: that was likely to be good of which they had approved. Their partiality to the author must, however, have arisen from kindred pursuits and private esteem, not certainly from the mere conviction of great intrinsic worth in his performance. For although the naturalist may derive knowledge from it, the man of business advantage, and the general reader amusement; it will not be found to refine the taste, to enlarge the bounds of philosophy, or to exhibit commanding impressive views of the state of civil society. We shall presently indulge a little in quotation, which will be a pleasure to our readers.

The author has made two voyages to Brazil. He took his first departure, anno 1809, from Liverpool, the society of which we rejoice to perceive, from his animated reprobation of human slavery, had not vitiated his principles. He sailed the second time, anno 1811, from London: and his object, on both occasions, was the same—*the recovery of his health*. How far it was reasonable to look to the climate of South America as a hopeful resource, may be known from what follows.

"The heat is, however, seldom very oppressive; the sea-breeze, during the whole year, commences about nine o'clock in the morning, and continues until midnight. When exposed to it, even standing in the sun, the heat is so much alleviated by its influence, as to make the person so situated forget, for a moment, that in the shade he would be cooler. At the time this

subsides the land-breeze rises, and continues until early in the morning; and the half hour in the forenoon which occasionally passes between the one and the other, is the most unpleasant period of the day. In the rainy season, just before the commencement of a heavy shower, the clouds are very dark, dense, and low; the breeze is suspended for a short time; there is then a sort of expectant stillness, and the weather is very sultry."—P. 13.

"January is not, properly speaking, the rainy season. The rains at the commencement of the year are called the *primeiras aguas*, or the first waters, and continue for about a fortnight or three weeks, after which the weather generally becomes again settled until May or June, and from this time, until the end of August, the rains are usually pretty constant. From August or September, until the opening of the year, there is not, usually, any rain. The dry weather can be depended upon with more certainty from September until January, than from February until May; likewise, the wet weather can be looked for with more certainty from June until August, than in January. There are very few days, during the whole course of the year of incessant rain. What I have said regarding the seasons must, however, be taken with some latitude, as in all climates they are subject to variation."—P. 143.

If the author had the same motive for making two voyages to America, it also happened that he landed, after each voyage, at the same place, *Pernambuco*, of which, as well as of its harbour, he furnishes us with a well-sketched plan. The following is his description of the place:

"The town of St. Antonio do Recife, commonly called Pernambuco, though the latter is properly the name of the captaincy, consists of three compartments, connected by two bridges, viz. Recife, St. Antonio, and Boa Vista.

"St. Antonio, or the middle town, is composed chiefly of large houses and broad streets; and if these buildings had about them any beauty, there would exist here a certain degree of grandeur; but they are too lofty for their breadth, and the ground-floors are appropriated to shops, warehouses, stables, and other purposes of a like nature. The shops are without windows, and the only light they have is admitted from the door. There exists, as yet, very little distinction of trades; thus all descriptions of manufactured goods are sold by the same person. Some of the minor streets consist of low and shabby houses. Here are the Governor's Palace, which was, in other times, the Jesuits' Convent; the Treasury; the Town-hall, and Prison; the Barracks, which are very bad; the Franciscan, Carmelite, and Paula, Convents, and several Churches, the interiors of which are very handsomely ornamented, but very little plan has been preserved in the architecture of the buildings themselves. It comprises several squares, and has, to a certain degree, a gay and lively appearance. This is the principal division of the town.

"The bridge which connects St. Antonio with Boa Vista is constructed entirely of wood, and has upon it no shops, but is likewise narrow. The principal street of Boa Vista, which was formerly a piece of ground overflowed at high water, is broad and handsome; the rest of this third division consists chiefly of small houses, and, as there is plenty of room here, it extends to some distance, in a straggling manner. Neither the street of this part of the town nor of St. Antonio are paved.

"Some few of the windows of the houses are glazed, and have iron balconies; but the major part are without glass, and of these the balconies are enclosed by lattice-work; and no females are to be seen, excepting the negro slaves, which gives a very sombre look to the streets. The Portuguese, the Brazilian, and even the Mulatto women, in the middle ranks of life, do not move out of doors in the day-time: they hear mass at the churches before day-light, and do not again stir out, excepting in sedan chairs, or in the evening on foot, when, occasionally, a whole family will sally forth to take a walk.

"Recife is a thriving place, increasing daily in opulence and importance. The prosperity which it enjoys may, in some measure, be attributed to the character of its Governor and Captain-General, Caetana Pinto de Miranda Montenegro, who has ruled the province for the last ten years with systematic steadiness and uniform prudence. He has made no unnecessary innovations, but he has allowed useful improvements to be introduced. He has not with hurried, enthusiastic zeal, which often defeats its end, pushed forward any novelty that struck him at the moment, but he has given his consent and countenance to any proposal backed by respectable persons. He has not interfered and intermeddled with those concerns in which governments have no business, but he has supported them when they have been once established. I here speak of commercial regulations and minor improvements in the chief town, and the smaller settlements of the country. He is affable, and hears the complaints of a peasant or a rich merchant with the same patience; he is just, seldom exercising the power which he possesses of punishing without appeal to the civil magistrate; and when he does enforce it, the crime must be very glaring indeed. He acts upon a system, and from principle; and if it is the fate of Brazil to be in the hands of a despotic government, happy, compared to its present state, would it in general be, if all its rulers resembled him. I love the place at which I so long resided, and I hope, most sincerely, that he may not be removed, but that he may continue to dispense to that extensive region the blessings of a mild, forbearing administration.

"In political consequence, with reference to the Portuguese government, Pernambuco holds the third rank amongst the provinces of Brazil; but in a commercial point of view, with reference to Great Britain, I know not whether it should not be named first. Its chief exports are cotton and sugar; the former mostly comes to England, and may be accounted at 80,000 or 90,000 bags annually, averaging 160 pounds weight each bag. The latter is chiefly shipped to Lisbon."—Pp. 5—10.

At Pernambuco there are no *inns*, nor yet any *furnished lodgings*; so that a stranger, on his first arrival there, experiences great inconvenience, unless there be a friend ready to receive him. It is equally worthy of remark, and will appear very extraordinary to persons going from this country, that there is at that place *no post-office*. When a ship arrives from Europe, the bag, or the box, containing the letters, is taken ashore, and emptied upon the beach, where all who have been looking out for intelligence are assembled, and are obliged to scramble for their letters.

At page 30 we have as satisfactory an account of the state of the Brazilian government, and of the taxes levied

throughout the country, as could, perhaps, be had at the period when the facts were collected.

“ The captaincies-general, or provinces of the first rank, in Brazil, of which Pernambuco is one, are governed by captains-general, or governors, who are appointed for three years. At the end of this period the same person is continued or not, at the option of the supreme government. They are, in fact, absolute in power; but before the person who has been nominated to one of these places can exercise any of its functions, he is under the necessity of presenting his credentials to the *Senádo da Camara*, the chamber, or municipality, of the principal town. This is formed of persons of respectability in the place. The governor has the sole and supreme command of the military force. The civil and criminal causes are discussed before, and determined by, the *Ouvidor* and *Juiz de Fora*; the two chief judicial officers, whose duties are somewhat similar, but the former is the superior in rank. They are appointed for three years, and the term may be renewed. It is in these departments of the government that the opportunities of amassing large fortunes are most numerous; and certain it is that some individuals take advantage of them in a manner which renders justice but a name. The governor can determine in a criminal cause without appeal, but, if he pleases, he refers it to the competent judge. The *Procurador da Coroa*, attorney-general, is an officer of considerable weight. The *Intendente da Marinha*, port-admiral, is likewise consulted on matters of first importance; as are also the *Escrivão da Fazenda real*, chief of the treasury; and the *Juiz da Alfândega*, comptroller of the customs. These seven officers form the *junta*, or council, which occasionally meets to arrange and decide upon the affairs of the captaincy to which they belong.

“ The ecclesiastical government is scarcely connected with that above mentioned, and is administered by a bishop, and a dean and chapter, with his vicar-general, &c. The governor cannot even appoint a chaplain to the island of Fernando da Noronha, one of the dependencies of Pernambuco, but acquaints the bishop that a priest is wanted, who then nominates one for the place.

“ The number of civil and military officers is enormous; inspectors innumerable—colonels without end, devoid of any objects to inspect—without any regiments to command; judges to manage each trifling department, of which the duties might all be done by two or three persons: thus salaries are augmented; the people are oppressed, but the state is not benefited.

“ Taxes are laid where they fall heavy upon the lower classes, and none are levied where they could be well borne. A tenth is raised in kind upon cattle, poultry, and agriculture, and even upon salt; this in former times appertained, as in other Christian countries, to the clergy*. All the taxes are farmed to the highest bidders, and this among the rest. They are parcelled out in extensive districts, and are contracted for at a reasonable rate, but the

* “ When Brazil was in its infancy, the clergy could not subsist upon their tithes, and therefore petitioned the government of Portugal to pay them a certain stipend, and receive the tenths for its own account: this was accepted; but now that the tenths have increased in value twentyfold, the government still pays to the vicars the same stipends. The clergy of the present day bitterly complain of the agreement made by those to whom they have succeeded.

contractors again dispose of their shares in small portions; these are again retailed to other persons, and as a profit is obtained by each transfer, the people must be oppressed, that these men may satisfy those above them and enrich themselves. The system is in itself bad, but is rendered still heavier by this division of the spoil. The tenth of cattle, as I have already said, is levied in kind upon the estates in the interior of the country; and besides this, a duty of 320 reis per arroba of 32lbs. is paid upon the meat at the shambles, which amounts to about 25 per cent. Fish pays one-tenth, and afterwards a fifteenth. Every transfer of immoveable property is subject to a duty of ten per cent, and moveables to five per cent. Besides these, there are many other taxes of minor importance. Rum, both for exportation and home consumption, pays a duty of 80 reis per canado, which is sometimes a fourth of its value, but may be reckoned as from fifteen to twenty per cent. Cotton pays the tenth, and is again taxed at the moment of exportation 600 reis per arroba of 32lbs. or about 1½d. per lb. Nothing can be more injudicious than this double duty upon the chief article of exportation from that country to Europe. The duties at the custom-house are fifteen per cent upon imports, of which the valuation is left, in some measure, to the merchant to whom the property belongs. Here, I think, ten per cent more might be raised without being felt. A tax is paid at Pernambuco for lighting the streets of the Rio de Janeiro, whilst those of Recife remain in total darkness."—Pp. 30—32.

No distinct opinion is offered in this volume of the probable issue of the grand Spanish insurrection; nor yet such a conjecture as many readers will expect, as to the measure of freedom and happiness which Brazil may expect to enjoy, now that its sovereign is resident in its capital; although it cannot be difficult to divine, that with such a position, and enjoying so much of the bounty of Nature, liberty must greatly increase in that region—if bigotry will but anyway permit. The discussion of such matters, it may be alleged, comes not properly within the province of a mere traveller. But we observe, that a book of travels is like a book on geography, the writer of which sometimes holds himself not only at liberty, but bound to say every thing at all to his purpose that occurs to him, and to record, as known facts, things which he neither at any time saw, nor did, nor heard, nor believes.

The first thing that attracted the author's notice, on his arrival in Brazil, was a curious kind of boat used by the natives, called *jangada*. It is composed of six logs of light wood lashed together, and a very large sail; a paddle is used as a rudder, and it is usually managed by two men. A drawing of one of these is annexed to the account of it. The English flat saddles created some surprise among the Brazilians; their own being high before and behind, which obliges the rider to be very upright and stiff in it: but this, the author tells us, is reckoned fashionable among them."

Shortly after his arrival, Mr. Koster paid a visit to a Brazilian family. The manner in which he was treated gives some idea of the general mode of living there; though he says, that it must not be laid down as an invariable rule. The breakfast consisted of coffee and cakes; and as soon as it was finished, backgammon and cards were introduced, according to the general custom. The dinner was served up at two o'clock. It consisted of a great number of dishes, placed on the table with no regard to order; and the company occasionally complimented one another by transferring to them pieces of meat from *their own plates*. This latter ceremony, however, is not prevalent in the more civilized towns, but is in general use in the interior of the country. There were only two or three knives used at dinner; but there was an abundance of plates and silver forks. At another party at which the author was, the ladies all arranged themselves on one side of the table, and the gentlemen on the other: some of the latter did not sit down at all, but attended the ladies.

"The sight," says Mr. Koster, "of all others the most offensive to an Englishman, is that of the criminals, who perform the menial offices of the palace, the barracks, the prisons, and other public buildings. They are chained in couples, and each couple is followed by a soldier armed with a bayonet. It is disgusting to see with what unconcern the fellows bear this most disgraceful situation, laughing and talking as they go along to each other, to their acquaintance whom they may chance to meet, and to the soldier who follows them as a guard." He mentions also some other glaring improprieties in the government of Brazil; but observes, that the removal of the government from Portugal to that country has aroused many persons from their supineness, and been of great service to the colony. The Brazilians now feel their importance; and the benefits which will ultimately arise from a free and enlarged intercourse with Europe, will be of vast consequence to them.

On the 19th October, 1810, the author left Pernambuco to visit some of the less populous parts of the country. He proceeded in a northerly direction, keeping always near the coast, and visiting the principal sea-port towns, of some of which he gives a detailed account. He travelled as far as *Seara*, a town on the coast, about 3 or 400 miles from Pernambuco. The country through which he passed was but poorly cultivated; indeed it is impossible that it should be

otherwise, the number of inhabitants bearing so small a proportion to the extent of the country. It is employed chiefly in rearing the sugar cane; but some cotton is also produced. The author traversed some sandy plains in his route, and occasionally met with small hamlets of three or four cottages; the inhabitants of most of which were wretched enough—as far, at least, as the want of provisions could make them so; for, though some of them had money, they could not obtain food at any price, as it was then the dry season.

The following anecdote shews the ignorance of the people of that country, with respect to the customs of other nations. “I had become very intimate with my friend the major: he learnt from me that we had horses, and cows, and dogs in England, and he liked me the better for this: at first he wondered how it happened that I could ride; he thought I must be an apt scholar to have learnt since I had gone over to Brazil. He was also much surprised to hear that we had churches in England, which he had never understood before. He said he should not believe henceforth that the English were *Pagoens*, heathens. I told him, that one chief point upon which our religion differed from his, was in ours not enjoining us to confess: he thought confession a great annoyance, but he could not doubt its propriety.” This man, who had such *enlightened* ideas respecting England, was the son of a man of property, and was the major of a regiment of militia, of which his father was the colonel.

In those parts of Brazil that are thinly inhabited, the following singular custom exists. A priest obtains a license from the bishop, and travels about the country, carrying with him a small altar, and all the other necessities for prayer. Whenever he can collect a sufficient number of devout people, (provided they be also disposed to pay him for his trouble,) he says mass; and in this way they frequently earn, in the course of the year, from 150*l.* to 200*l.*

From the vast number of cattle that are bred in the extensive plains of Brazil, their price must of course be very small. Mr. Koster informs us, that a colt of from two to three years old, sells for about one guinea; a horse broken in for the pack-saddle, for two or three guineas; a bullock of two years, ten shillings; a full grown ox, one guinea and a half; a cow, from one to five guineas; and a sheep, two or three shillings. But a fowl, he says, is as dear as a sheep or a goat; and he once paid four times as much for a fowl as he had done for a kid.

Having once gone to sleep in his hammock, by the side of a rivulet, the author was awakened by an unpleasant sensation, and perceived himself covered with insects called *carapatos*. They are small insects of a dark brown colour; their bite frequently produces inflammation, particularly if they be forcibly pulled from the flesh; and they are principally troublesome to cattle. Mr. K. mentions several kinds of ants which are very troublesome, particularly the large red ant; it is from a quarter of an inch to an inch in length, and its bite is very painful. In one night a nest of these animals devoured a large part of a sack of maize. Scorpions, also, and large spiders, with some other kinds of formidable insects, are mentioned.

The best view to be found in this book of the dispositions, manners, and habits of the Indians, (most of which they obviously possess in common with the various tribes to the northward of the Mississippi,) is given in the following passages:

“ The Indians of these villages, and indeed of all those which I passed through, are Christians; though it is said that some few of them follow in secret their own heathenish rites, paying adoration to the maracà, and practising all the customs of their religion, if I may use this word, of which so exact a description is given in Mr. Southey's *History of Brazil*. When the Roman Catholic religion does take root in them, it of necessity degenerates into the most abject superstition. An adherence to superstitious rites, whether of Roman Catholic ordination, or prescribed by their own undefined faith, appears to be the only part of their character in which they shew any constancy. Each village has its priest, who is oftentimes a vicar, and resident for life on the spot. A director is also attached to each village, who is supposed to be a white man: he has great power over the persons within his jurisdiction. If a proprietor of land is in want of workmen, he applies to the director, who agrees for the price at which the daily labour is to be paid, and he commands one of his chief Indians to take so many men and proceed with them to the estate for which they are hired. The labourers receive the money themselves, and expend it as they please; but the bargains thus made are usually below the regular price of labour. Each village has two juizes ordinarios, or mayors, who act for one year. One juiz is a white man, and the other an Indian; but it may easily be supposed that the former has in fact the management. These juizes have the power of putting suspicious persons into confinement, and of punishing for small crimes; those of more importance wait for the *correiçam*, or circuit of the *ouvidor* of the captaincy. Each village contains a town-hall and prison. The administration of justice in the *sertam* is generally spoken of as most wretchedly bad; every crime obtains impunity by the payment of a sum of money. An innocent person is sometimes punished through the interest of a great man, whom he may have offended; and the murderer escapes who has the good fortune to be under the protection of a powerful patron. This proceeds still more from the feudal state of the country than from the corruption of the magistrates, who might often be inclined to do

their duty, and yet be aware that their exertions would be of no avail, and would possibly prove fatal to themselves. The Indians have likewise their *capitaens-mores*, and this title is conferred for life: it gives the holder some power over his fellows; but as it is among them unaccompanied by the possession of property, the Indian *capitaens-mores* are much ridiculed by the whites; and, indeed, the half-naked officer with his gold-headed cane is a personage who would excite laughter from the most rigid nerves.

"The Indians are in general a quiet and inoffensive people; they have not much fidelity; but although they desert, they will not injure those whom they have served. Their lives are certainly not passed in a pleasant manner under the eye of a director, by whom they are imperiously treated, consequently it is not surprising that they should do all in their power to leave their villages and be free from an immediate superior; but even when they have escaped from the irksome dominion of the director, they never settle in one place. The Indian scarcely ever plants for himself, or if he does, rarely waits the crop; he sells his maize, or mandioc, for half its value before it is fit to be gathered, and removes to some other district. His favourite pursuits are fishing and hunting; a lake or rivulet will alone induce him to be stationary for any length of time. He has a sort of independent feeling, which makes him spurn at any thing like a wish to deprive him of his own free agency; to the director he submits because it is out of his power to resist. An Indian can never be persuaded to address the master to whom he may have hired himself by the term of *senhor*, though it is made use of by the whites in speaking to each other, and by all other free people in the country; but the negroes also use it in speaking to their masters, therefore the Indian will not; he addresses his temporary master by the term of *amo* or *patram*, protector or patron. The reluctance to use the term of *senhor* may, perhaps, have commenced with the immediate descendants of those who were in slavery, and thus the objection may have become traditionary. They may refuse to give by courtesy what was once required from them by law: however, if it began in this manner, it is not now continued for the same reason, as none of those with whom I conversed, and they were very many, appeared to know that their ancestors had been obliged to work as slaves.

"The instances of murder committed by Indians are rare. They are pilferers rather than thieves. When they can they eat immoderately; but if it is necessary they can live upon a very trifling quantity of food, to which their idleness often reduces them. They are much addicted to liquor, and will dance in a ring, singing some of the monotonous ditties of their own language, and drink for nights and days without ceasing. Their dances are not indecent, as those of Africa. The Mulattoes consider themselves superior to the Indians, and even the Creole blacks look down upon them: 'He is as paltry as an Indian,' is a common expression among the lower orders in Brazil. They are vilely indifferent regarding the conduct of their wives and daughters; lying, and other vices attached to savage life, belong to them. Affection seems to have little hold upon them; they appear to be less anxious for the life and welfare of their children than any other cast of men who inhabit that country. The women, however, do not, among these semi-barbarians, perform the principal drudgery; if the husband is at home he fetches water from the rivulet, and fuel from the wood; he builds the hut whilst his wife takes shelter in some neighbour's shed: but if they travel, she has her young children to carry, the pots, the baskets, and the excavated gourds; whilst the husband takes his wallet of goat-skin and his hammock rolled up upon his back, his fishing net, and his

arms, and walks in the rear. The children are washed on the day of their birth in the nearest brook or pool of water. Both the men and the women are cleanly in many of their habits, and particularly in those relating to their persons; but in some other matters their customs are extremely disgusting; the same knife is used for all purposes, and with little preparatory cleaning is employed in services of descriptions widely opposite. They do not reject any kind of food, and devour it almost without being cooked; rats, and other small vermin, snakes and alligators, are all accepted.

"The instinct, for I know not what else to call it, which the Indians possess above other men, in finding their way across a wood to a certain spot on the opposite side without path or apparent mark, is most surprising; they trace footsteps over the dry leaves which lie scattered under the trees. The letter-carriers from one province to another are mostly Indians, for from habit they endure great fatigue, and will walk day after day with little rest for months together. I have met them with their wallets made of goat-skin upon their shoulders, walking at a regular pace, which is not altered by rough or smooth. Though a horse may outstrip one of these men for the first few days, still if the journey continues long, the Indian will in the end arrive before him. If a criminal has eluded the diligence of the police officers, Indians are sent in pursuit of him as a last resource. It is well known that they will not take him alive; each man who sees the offender fires, for they do not wish to have any contention. Nor is it possible for the magistrate to fix upon the individual of the party who shot the criminal; for if any of them are asked who killed him, the answer invariably is, *os homens*, the men.

"It is usually said that a party of Indians will fight tolerably well, but that two or three will take to their heels at the first alarm. Some of them, however, are resolute, and sufficiently courageous; but the general character is usually supposed to be cowardly, inconstant, devoid of acute feelings, as forgetful of favours as of injuries, obstinate in trifles, regardless of matters of importance. The character of the negro is more decided; it is worse, but it is also better. From the black race the worst of men may be formed; but they are capable likewise of great and good actions. The Indian seems to be without energy or exertion; devoid of great good or great evil. Much may, at the same time, be said in their favour; they have been unjustly dealt with, they have been trampled upon, and afterwards treated as children: they have been always subjected to those who consider themselves their superiors, and this desire to govern them has even been carried to the direction of their domestic arrangements. But no,—if they are a race of acute beings capable of energy, of being deeply interested upon any subject, they would do more than they have done. The priesthood is open to them, but they do not take advantage of it. I never saw an Indian mechanic in any of the towns; there is no instance of a wealthy Indian; rich mulattoes and negroes are by no means rare. I have had many dealings with them as guides and carriers, and subsequently as labourers, and have no reason to complain, for I was never injured by any of them; but neither did I receive any particular good service, excepting in the instance of Julio. For guides and carriers they are well adapted, as their usual habits lead them to the rambling life which these employments encourage. As labourers, I found that they had usually a great inclination to overreach, but their schemes were badly made, and, consequently, easily discovered. I never could depend upon them for any length of time, and to advance money or clothing to them, is a certain loss. If I had any labour,

which was to be performed by a given time, the overseer would always reckon upon his mulatto and negro free people; but did not mention in the list of persons who were to work, any of the Indians whom I was then employing; and on my speaking of them, he answered, 'An Indian is only to be mentioned for the present day;' meaning, that no reliance is to be placed upon them.

"Like most of the aboriginal inhabitants of the western hemisphere, these people are of a copper colour. They are short, and stoutly made; but their limbs, though large, have not the appearance of possessing great strength, they have no shew of muscle. The face is disproportionately broad, the nose flat, the mouth wide, the eye deep and small, the hair black, coarse, and lank; none of the men have whiskers, and their beards are not thick. The women, when they are young, have by no means an unpleasant appearance; but they soon fall off, and become ugly; their figures are seldom well shaped. Deformity is rare among the Indians; I do not recollect to have seen an individual of this race who had been born defective; and the well-informed persons with whom I conversed, were of opinion, that the Indians are more fortunate in this respect, than any other race with whom they were acquainted. All the Indians of Pernambuco speak Portuguese, but few of them pronounce it well; there is always a certain twang, which discovers the speaker to be an Indian, although the voice was heard without the person being seen; many of them however, do not understand any other language. The Indians seldom, if ever, speak Portuguese so well as the generality of the Creole negroes." — Pp. 116—122.

"I have, perhaps, hardly said sufficient, to give a correct idea of the inhabitants of the *fazendas*, or cattle estates. Unlike the Peons of the country in the vicinity of the River Plate, the *Sertanejo* has about him his wife and family, and lives in comparative comfort. The cottages are small, and built of mud, but afford quite sufficient shelter in so fine a climate: they are covered with tiles, where these are to be had, or, as is more general, with the leaves of the *Carnaúba*. Hammocks usually supply the place of beds, and are by far more comfortable, and those are likewise frequently used as chairs. Most of the better sort of cottages contain a table; but the usual practice, is for the family to squat down upon a mat in a circle, with the bowls, dishes, or gourds in the centre; thus to eat their meals on the floor. Knives and forks are not much known, and are not at all made use of by the lower orders. It is the custom in every house, from the highest to the lowest, as in former times, and, indeed, the same practice prevails in all the parts of the country which I visited, for a silver basin, or one of earthen-ware, or a *cuia*, and a fringed cambric towel, or one that is made of the coarse cotton cloth of the country, to be handed round, that all those who are going to sit down to eat, may wash their hands; and the same ceremony, or rather necessary piece of cleanliness, takes place again after the meal is finished. Of the gourds, great use is made in domestic arrangements; they are cut in two, and the pulp is scooped out; then the rind is dried, and these rude vessels serve almost every purpose of earthen-ware: water is carried in them, &c., and they are likewise used as measures. They vary from six inches in circumference to about three feet, and are usually rather of an oval shape. The gourd, when whole, is called *cubaça*, and the half of the rind is called *cuia*. It is a creeping plant, and grows spontaneously in many parts; but in others, the people plant it among the mandioc.

The conversation of the *Sertanejos* usually turns upon the state of their

cattle, or of women, and occasionally accounts of adventures which took place at Recife, or at some other town. The merits or demerits of the priests, with whom they may happen to be acquainted, are likewise discussed; and their irregular practices are made a subject of ridicule. The dress of the men has already been described; but when they are at home, a shirt and drawers alone remain. The women have a more slovenly look, as their only dress is a shift and a petticoat, no stockings, and oftentimes no shoes: but when they leave home, which is very seldom, an addition is made of a large piece of coarse white cloth, either of their own, or of European manufacture, and this is thrown over the head and shoulders; a pair of shoes are likewise then put on. They are good horsewomen, and the high Portuguese saddle serves the purpose of a side saddle very completely. I never saw any Brazilian women riding, as is the case occasionally in Portugal, in the manner that men do. Their employment consists in household arrangements entirely; for the men even milk the cows and goats, the women spin and work with the needle. No females of free birth are ever seen employed in any kind of labour in the open air, excepting in that of occasionally fetching wood or water, if the men are not at home. The children generally run about naked until a certain age, but this is often seen even in Recife: to the age of six or seven years, boys are allowed to run about without any clothing. Formerly, I mean before the commencement of a direct trade with England, both sexes dressed in the coarse cotton cloth which is made in the country: the petticoats of this cloth were sometimes tinged with a red dye, which was obtained from the bark of the coipuna tree, a native of their woods; and even now, the dye is used for tinging fishing nets, as it is said, that those which have undergone this process last the longest.

"In those times, a dress of common printed cotton, of English or Portuguese manufacture, cost from eight to twelve *nul reis*, from two to three guineas; owing to the monopoly of the trade, by which the merchants of Recife put what price they pleased upon their commodities: other things were in proportion. Owing to the enormous price, European articles of dress could, of course, only be possessed by the rich people. However, since the opening of the ports to foreign trade, English goods are finding their way all over the country, and the hawkers are now a numerous body of men. The women seldom appear, and when they are seen, do not take any part in the conversation, unless it be some one good wife who rules the roast; if they are present at all when the men are talking, they stand, or squat down upon the ground, in the door-way leading to the interior of the house, and merely listen. The morals of the men are by no means strict; and when this is the case, it must give an unfavourable bias, in some degree, to those of the women: but the sertenego is very jealous; and more murders are committed, and more quarrels entered into on this score, by tenfold, than on any other. These people are revengeful; an offence is seldom pardoned; and in default of law, of which there is scarcely any, each man takes it into his own hands. This is, without any sort of doubt, a dreadful state of society, and I do not, by any means, pretend to speak in its justification; but if the causes of most of the murders committed, and beatings given are enquired into, I have usually found, that the receiver had only obtained what he deserved. Robberies in the Sertam is scarcely known: the land is, in favourable years, too plentiful to afford temptation; and in seasons of distress for food, every man is, for the most part, equally in want. Subsistence is to be obtained in an easier manner than by stealing, in so abundant a country, and where

both parties are equally brave and resolute; but, besides these reasons, I think the Sertanejos are a good race of people. They are tractable, and might easily be instructed, excepting in religious matters: in these they are fast riveted; and such was their idea of an Englishman and a heretic, that it was, on some occasions, difficult to make them believe, that I, who had the figure of a human being, could possibly belong to that non-descript race. They are extremely ignorant, few of them possessing even the commonest rudiments of knowledge. Their religion is confined to the observance of certain forms and ceremonies, and to the frequent repetition of a few prayers, faith in charms, relics, and other things of the same order. The Sertanejos are courageous, generous, sincere, and hospitable: if a favour is begged, they know not how to deny it; but if you trade with them, either for cattle, or aught else, the character changes, and then they wish to outwit you, conceiving success to be a piece of clearness of which they may boast." P. 143—146.

On his return to Pernambuco, at the end of the year 1811, the author tells us that he found the town much improved, owing to the arrival there of some Portuguese families, who had introduced European customs. Soon afterwards, he and a friend entered into a scheme of farming, and rented a sugar estate; and he continued in this employment during the rest of his stay. The remainder of the volume is not quite so interesting as the first part; so that we shall not enter into any thing like a detail of it.

We have said that, though this book can considerably advance neither the liberal arts nor the abstract sciences, (which, indeed, no book written of such a country at such a time could well do,) yet it is such as to impart both pleasure and profit. The scenes of life, and of nature too, which it lays open, will afford an agreeable pastime to those who use reading as a luxury: the botanist has some good lessons given him; the merchant and manufacturer are furnished with useful hints; and Mr. K. seems so thorough-bred a planter, that no man can read him without fancying that he knows sufficiently how to realize a fortune by growing cotton and rearing the sugar-cane.—We add to our account the following expression of the author's feelings, which are so natural, that all must sympathize with the writer; and described with so much simplicity and good sense, as to incline one to ascribe to him an ingenuous, virtuous mind.

"I gave up my plan of residing in Brazil with reluctance; but I am now much rejoiced that it so happened. Yet, at that time, it required some resolution to leave the people, the place, and the things in which I had taken deep interest,—my negroes and free people, my horses and my dogs, and even my cats and fowls: the house and the garden which I had been improving and forming, and the fields which I had cleared, and was cultivating. All this, believe me, cost much pain in leaving; but thanks to

those who desired that it should be so. I should have soon become a Brazil planter: the state in which a man who rules over slaves is placed, is not likely to make him a better creature than he would under other circumstances have been. I should, perhaps, shortly have been totally unfit to become a member of any other society; my inclinations led me to like the life which I was leading: I was young, and was independent, and had power. Although I am fully aware of the evils which attend a feudal state of society, I liked to have dependants. I might have become so arbitrary, so much a lover of a half-savage life; I might have contracted so great a relish for rambling, have become so unsettled, as to have been dissatisfied with what is rational and to be desired in this world. Until lately, I cherished the hope of being able to return to that country, with the means of crossing the continent of South America; but I have now given this up from unavoidable circumstances, and even my wishes have taken another bias: but God only knows whether it may not be my fate to enter into the scheme; accident, and inclinations over which I have no controul, may so direct. England is my country, but my native soil is Portugal: I belong to both; and whether in the company of Englishmen, of Portuguese, or Brazilians, I feel equally among my countrymen. My constant and fervent prayers are offered up for their prosperity, and for a continuance of that friendship which has borne the test of so many years. Fresh causes have lately occurred for rivetting the links which bind the two united nations; their people have fought together, and neither have been found wanting." —P. 334.

Several tolerably good coloured plates are given, illustrative of mills, of harbours, and different sorts of vessels used by the aboriginal inhabitants; and, above all, of their dress, or what we coxcombically call *costume*.

ART. VII.—THE REVIEWS.

1. *The British Review*. No. 16.
2. *The Quarterly Review*. No. 30.
3. *The Edinburgh Review*. No. 53.

‘On Friday, November the first, was published the *British Review*, No. 16

“For dulness ever must be regular.”

Mechanical processes for the production of books and newspapers, are becoming very fashionable in this country; and the *British Review* appears to be one of the things for which we are indebted to machinery alone. Its conductors have, like all other handicraftsmen, a secret for its composition, which we

believe we have discovered, from a careful analysis of its contents: 'Take of impenetrable dulness, four parts; of methodistical fanaticism, two parts; of unintelligible metaphor, two parts; of raving folly, one part; of ludicrous insolence, one part; of absurd and unnecessary gravity, two parts: mix all these ingredients, and the result will be a number of the *British Review*.'

This delectable union of things, indeed, might have been looked for in a journal which was sinking into its dotage; in the *Critical Review*, for example, or in the *Monthly Review*. But that such a mixture of extravagant fancies, of incomprehensible reasoning, and of methodistical monkery, dressed up in unintelligible jargon, should have composed a review, which was to owe its popularity not to the patronage of a faction, but to its own merits, was quite incomprehensible to those who calculated the chances for and against its success. The manufacturers of the 'shreds and patches' of which it is composed, had heard, we suppose, that the wit of the *Edinburgh Review* was one of the powerful sources of the pleasure which it has bestowed; and they, too, were resolved to excite laughter in their own way; and they have succeeded, we believe, to a miracle; for their ludicrous gravity, and their wit run mad, convulsed all the world with laughter. The present number, however, will have a very opposite tendency; for we never have seen any thing in the shape of a review, which was so ineffably dull. In our last notice of this publication, we ventured to quote a whole sentence from the 15th number, for the entertainment of our readers; but we dare not venture upon an extract of equal length from that which is now before us, lest our readers might be visited with the frequent and protracted fits of yawning with which its pages have infected ourselves. We intend, in this article, merely to give a catalogue of its contents; only premising, that in all cases the reviewer follows with servility the opinions and reasoning of his author, except where his religious notions chance to differ from the methodistical fantasies of the *British Review*.

Among the books, whose titles are placed at the head of the articles in the 16th No., are, Mr. Weyland's *Principles of Population and Production*; Faber and F. Schlegel on *Pagan Mythology*; and Mr. Sumner on *Apostolical Preaching*. These articles are said to have been written "in an after dinner's sleep;" but this insinuation, we think, is quite wicked and calumnious. The opinion of those ill-natured persons who have ventured to assert this, must have been founded on inter-

nal evidence alone ; on the tendency to profound sleep, which has accompanied their perusal. The pleasant theory of these political economists is very amusing and very emphatical ; it is, to ' LEAVE ALL THINGS IN THE HANDS OF PROVIDENCE, who,' they add with due caution, ' will *probably* be admitted to be a competent legislator,' and that ' happiness is in proportion as *sound religion* inculcates *pure morality*.' When did these profound gentlemen hear, that sound religion inculcated any other kind of morality ? and what are they pleased to call ' impure morality ?' They differ from Mr. Faber on every point upon which two opinions can exist ; yet they consider the publication of this farrago of error to be a benefit conferred on the public ; and that its greatest fault is its bulk ! This is singularly valuable and consistent criticism.

Sympathetic dulness, we suppose, attracted the attention of the British Review to the late gigantic publication of Dr. Nott. The writer of the Review of Dr. Nott's edition of Surrey and Wyatt kindly informs us, that Hume says, that ' there is no man of that age, who has the least pretension to be ranked among our classics.' This learned person controverts what he calls, the ' rash and dogmatical dictum' of Hume — he tells us that ' surely Surrey and Wyatt, " the two chieftains," as Puttenham calls them, may be allowed to take their place as English classics.' Our readers will easily perceive the weight and originality of this argument, and the great elegance with which it is set forth—as well as the singular fitness and beauty of the valuable quotation from Puttenham : and to those who have read the poetry of Surrey and Wyatt, and who, unfortunately, remember their sempiternal Jeremiades, their endless affectations, and their love-sonnets to babies in the nursery, (to whose intellects and notions, indeed, they are admirably suited,) it will be equally evident, that the ' dictum' of Hume, which sounds so dogmatical in the ears of this gentleman, is the ' dictum' of sound reason and of good taste, which are as much opposed to the poetical faith which Surrey and Wyatt, and their editor preach, as they are opposed to the critical canons of the British Review.

The very novel and interesting publication of Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall, is next presented to us. The reviewer tells us, that Sir N. W. Wraxall ' has answered three Reviews in two ways.' This is rather puzzling ; but he endeavours, in pity to dull readers like ourselves, to illustrate his ' dictum' by a metaphor ; but the commentary is still more obscure than the text. ' As he has several assailants upon him at one time,' says

our kind interpreter, 'he very properly comes into the field with a pistol in each hand.' Now, to us, in our simplicity, this does not appear to be the way to answer a man in two ways: if such arguments can be called answers, such an array rather seems to us to indicate some intention of an iteration of *the same answer*. 'It is the Chevalier de Grammont,' he proceeds to inform us, 'who is the secret object of emulation to the worthy baronet, as the following passage will show.' The passage then follows. 'Charles II. and Louis XIV., surrounded by mistresses, and all the dissipation of a court, presented to Burnet, to Grammont, or to Voltaire, perpetual matter of entertaining recital.' We do not see that this passage proves that Grammont is 'the secret object of emulation to the worthy baronet;' or, at least, if it proves any thing, it shows that Burnet and Voltaire were equally 'objects of emulation to the worthy baronet.' We pass over the opinions of this facetious person upon 'Female COTTAGES,' (according to the orthography of the British Review,) and upon the dancing of Lady Hamilton; neither of which subjects would be very interesting to our readers. We are then edified with a brace of short extracts from the inestimable 'Memoirs:' which do not occupy much more than six closely printed pages: and differ from the style of the Review itself, only in being a little more readable; and the article is concluded by a 'right, pleasant, and profitable' comparison of the character of Sir N. W. Wraxall, and Colonel George Hanger, written in a style which proves that the author possesses a critical knowledge of the 'vulgar tongue.'

The Review of Biot's 'Traité de Physique,' which follows, concludes in a fine vein of poetry, which has been most absurdly printed as prose. The introduction gives us a piece of information, which is not quite new to us, though the Gentlemen of the British Review seem to consider it perfectly original. 'Newton,' say they, 'the great father of the science of optics, as well as of physical astronomy, taught his philosophy at Cambridge.' It is doubtless very dignified benevolence in critics so absurdly grave and so solemnly ludicrous, to deal out their valuable intelligence in this liberal manner, but we are sorry to tell them that, however late may have been the period of their first acquaintance with this 'high matter,' it has been known to all the rest of the world for more than 120 years. This fact, however, takes nothing from their meritoriousness in proclaiming their discovery; and we think it, for this reason, deserving of commemoration. Equally important and interesting are the following poetical passages. 'There (at Cambridge) his dis-

ciples flourished in long and honourable succession; *there* his philosophy is still taught; and *there* stands the college, to whose intellectual splendour' (what does this mean?) he so essentially contributed, and under the cloisters of whose noble library we scarcely ever walked in the ardent days of youth, but we fancied that we heard at every step the pillars echoing the name of *Newton*.' This is very fine, yet, in spite of all this, in spite of the intellectual splendour of the college, in spite of all the other fancies and echoes of this enthusiastical person, and in spite of all the eloquence of the pillars, no new edition of *Newton's Principia* has been published for half a century! Here is a splendid example of the bathos—'a parturient mountain produces a muscipular abortion!'

'Dulness and stupidity, whose natural doom it is to die by neglect, will sometimes re-act against endeavours to abridge their existence. So has it fared with this suppressed work.' Such is the eloquent introduction to an account of the publication on the Agricultural State of the Kingdom, which was originally suppressed; but we cannot, in spite of all our pains, discover the reason of the application of the epithets 'dull' and 'stupid,' and the remark about their re-action, to the Agricultural Report; but we are sorry to inform the writer of this precious morsel, that his aphorism is singularly applicable and happy, if it be applied to the *British Review*.

On the Bishop of Gloucester's Charge, one of our writers says, that 'a bishop is a city set on a hill, which cannot be hid, unless he sleeps away his hours without commixing with the busy world.' These metaphors are very excellently confused—but this is a part of the system of the review. It is much better, we conceive, that a bishop should sleep himself, than that he should make others sleep; and, if the opinion of the city, or of the bishop, (for it is not very clear which is alluded to,) be withheld, it is perhaps more fortunate, both for the quiet of the church and of mankind. Bishops are people good enough in their day and generation; and their primary charges, and good dinners, always create a sensation of pleasure in the minds of some men; for they have generally an excellent thing against the Methodists, or the Bible Society, or an excellent thing at table. Few have gone beyond these pious limits; and those who have overstept them, have, like the foxes in the Book of Judges, carried firebrands and dissension along with them.

We have next an article on the Observance of the

Sabbath, which is written in a very amiable spirit, and with much rational zeal. Our readers will be surprised to hear that these qualities exist in the 16th No. of the British Review; but we confess, that we regard this particular piece with some indulgence, seeing that we have, from its eminence, a Pisgah-sight of the conclusion of the number; a conclusion which, to speak in the manner of the British Review, is a Canaan to our wearied spirits, where we hope to sink into profound repose.

That repose was not promised in vain; for the concluding article 'On the Tithe System' bestowed it with profuse liberality. The arguments, and the metaphors, we have luckily forgot in our long sleep; but we can give the readers of 'The Antiquary' a perfect idea of its style, and of the interesting way in which the point is handled, by reminding them of the splendid orations of the Reverend Mr. Blattergowl upon the same subject.

The QUARTERLY REVIEW is, as it is wont, dull, affected, insolent, dogmatical, and instinct with furious bigotry. It would be as distressing to our readers as it would be *ennuyant* to ourselves, to produce examples of all these sins. Nor is it necessary to make a *hortus siccus* of these plants; for every body knows that they are indigenous to the Quaterly Review. But we will give a few specimens of the outrageous affectations of the present number, in those articles which the ponderous gentlemen of the Quarterly Review are pleased to consider as gay and interesting: but we, for our part, can say with truth, that they have far more lead about them than those papers of the Edinburgh Journal which are written upon the most profound and most learned subjects.

The first article is upon the 'Travels of Ali Bey:' and by far the most remarkable thing about it is the spirit of furious intolerance, and persecuting bigotry, in which it is written. Then comes an article on 'Wedderburne Webster's Waterloo,' which appears to us to be the most lame, impotent, and ponderous performance, after the poem itself, which we ever had the ill-luck to read. Nothing can be more provoking than that a person should prepare you for something very ludicrous, and conclude by leaving you half-angry and half-asleep. The *wit* of the piece consists in the author's assertion, that the poem is the fortuitous produce of M. Didot's steam-engine, and that he has placed the name of Wedderburne Webster on the title. This, to be sure, is very laughable; but the author, in order 'to make much more laugh,' kindly tells us about the nonsense

which the machine has *ground*—and of *patterns* of curious workmanship—and of a talkative battlement; and when he intends to be very vivacious, and severe, and ironical, he says, ‘Now, riddle-my-ree, what is this?’ (See page 347.) All which very excellent things are printed in *italics*: and we fairly acknowledge that we could never have suspected that the writer intended to be very witty, without some such indication of his purpose.

We have next a somewhat tedious article upon the Chinese works published by the excellent and zealous missionaries of Serampore; a heavy article on the poet Mason; a well-written, but too long article on Insanity, and on the facts which have lately been brought to light concerning the horrible treatment of the unfortunate maniacs; an elaborate article upon the ‘Researches’ of the illustrious M. de Humboldt, which is full of prejudice and ill-temper; and a contemptible one upon the Poetic Mirror.

The author of this last exquisite piece is pleased to tell us, that ‘he has seen, *with inexpressible delight*, that admirable tragedian, Mr. Kemble;’ and after communicating this very important and interesting information, he is farther pleased to add, that ‘he has seen and laughed at Mathews’s mimicry of Kemble.’ Nay, he proceeds yet more bountifully to illuminate our darkness by saying, that ‘he has seen actors who were not the minics but the imitators of Mr. Kemble, who pleased him most when he forgot that they were imitators.’ Now let us see how this ingenious person handles the exquisite illustration with which he has favoured us. He tells us, that ‘what Mathews is to Kemble, the Rejected Addresses are to our Poets.’ We humbly confess, that we, in our simplicity, never could see any thing at all ludicrous in Mathews’s mimicry, beyond the mere circumstance of its being a concentration of the peculiarities of Kemble, and of the other actors whom he imitates—for he repeats the very words of their characters; and the mimicry would become disgusting, if the mimic attempted to give to Penraddock, or Richard III. an air of burlesque. His imitation of the comedians consists in an exaggerated representation of their manner. Now the ‘Rejected Addresses’ are broad and farcical imitations of our Poets,—and are very like what they *would* write, if they were to write in a ludicrous and distorted way, but in their own manner upon that particular subject; though there is not the slightest resemblance beyond the mere structure of their style, between the imitations of Lord Byron, of Walter Scott, or of Crabbe, and what these authors have actually written. We believe, in fact, that the mimicry of Mathews, and of the author of the Poetic Mirror, have a much greater resem-

blance to each other, in quality, than the talents of this kind which the authors of the 'Rejected Addresses' possess, bear to those of the comedian; and our critic, we think, might have found a better parallel to the Smiths' vein of imitation, in Mrs. Orger's admirable ridicule in *Tilburina*, of the exquisite acting of Miss O'Neill in *Belvidera*. This piece of caricature is quite perfect in its kind; and is, to the pure and touching passion in the representation of Miss O'Neill, exactly what the anamorphosed pictures of the Rejected Addresses are to the poetry of the living originals.

We have thrown away more space upon this elegant histrionic illustration of the Quarterly Reviewer than it may seem to be worth; but we could not tolerate the supercilious air and ostentatious *bonhommie* with which this person has, in his wisdom, dealt us out our dole of intelligence. If he had been revealing to us the causes of gravitation, or unfolding all the sublime secrets of the human mind, the writer could not have displayed an appearance of more exalted beneficence, or of the lofty condescension of a superior being to the frailties and errors of man. We wished also to show how the Quarterly Review, even in matters of taste, reasons from groundless analogies, or from no analogies at all. This benevolent person then proceeds to give us a specimen of what he calls 'The Guer-rilla;' and although we have read the Poetic Mirror with some care, yet we confess that we were a little puzzled to discover the thing which is here spelt with such an agglomeration of rough consonants: however, we stumbled onward to something about a certain CONRADE, which name, though, as usual, mis-spelt, developed the mystery; for we found from this, and a few other instances of the like sort, that the illustrious critic, however learned in other matters, was rather ignorant of Dilworth and Dyche; whose useful books upon English spelling we would, in all humility, recommend to the study of our Reviewer, in the earnest hope that he will be better qualified, by the diligent perusal of these instructive treatises, to produce something in the next number of the Quarterly Review, in which, though we dare not venture to expect any thing like wit, or eloquence, or originality, we may be happy enough to escape the barbarous orthography of which he is now so profuse.

We are next told that the author of the Poetic Mirror (sad dog!) imputes to the Laureate, 'that amiable man,' a tone of angry egotism of which no example is to be found in his works: an assertion which, we think, is as intrepid an experiment upon the common sense and understanding

of the world as the Quarterly Review, bold as it is in this way, ever ventured to make. This is delightful; but it is a fair specimen of the veracity, impartiality, and modesty of the Review upon all such subjects. The Reviewer quotes the 'Curse,' which, he thinks, some may be willing to denounce against the fraternity: we presume he alludes to such lines as the following:

' May scorning surround thee,'—
 ' And the devil confound thee'—
 ' Thy study let RATS annoy'—
 ' Thy base *lucubrations*
 ' To tear and to gnaw—
 ' Thy *false calculations*
 ' In empire and law.'
 ' And fame shall disown thee
 ' And visit thee never'
 ' And the curse shall be on thee
 ' For ever and ever.'

We are also informed that the story of the 'Gude Grey Katt' is written in a dialect, or rather a jargon, which the gentle critic doth not understand. Here is a profound Reviewer! This is just as if the learned secretary of the Admiralty had sat down to write his pretty stories for children without understanding Hume; or as if the editor of the Quarterly Review, in the progress of his admirable translation of Juvenal, when he met with such unlucky lines as,—

———— "quoties lascivum intervenit illud
 Ζαῖν καὶ ψυχὴ, &c."—or,
 ——— e cælo descendit Γυῖθι σεαυτὸν—

had added a note to say—'Some parts of these lines are written in a dialect, or rather a jargon, so uncouth and unintelligible, that I cannot tell whether Juvenal means to be pleasant or sad; whether he puts in these little crooked letters to make his lines look like Mosaic; whether he means to put them in as feet for the verse to stand upon; or whether he means any thing at all!'

We then have an article on Baptismal Regeneration; under which, none but those who can sustain the weight of a modern sermon will be able to remain awake; a review of James's Tour, the writer of which has caught some of the good sense of his author; and an entertaining piece upon the foreign travellers in England, 'in the which' the writer is profuse of his 'whereins,' and 'whereofs,' and 'heaven knows,' and twenty other things as elegant and emphatic.

We are also told that 'we cannot *die* while a drop of *vitality* remains in us.' It is unfortunate for the world that they always knew this—as thereby the benevolence of the author in declaring the valuable discovery which he has just made shows rather ridiculous. We cannot afford to say more of the Quarterly Review; but we have been informed that its style has been praised by the Monthly Magazine for its elegance; and if so, we can only say, that we shall consider that the opinion of that publication is as respectable in matters of taste as it has always been in politics and religion. Upon the whole, we think, old Henry More's Catalogue is very characteristic of the Quarterly Reviewers, and we quote it, at once for that reason, and as a specimen of that school of poetry, to whose revival the efforts of the Review have long been directed:

'That rabble rout —————
Is *Ireful-Ignorance*,—*Unseemly Zeal*,—
Strong-Self-Conceit,—*Rotten-Religion*—
Contentious-reproach—'gainst-Michael—
If-he-of-Moses'-body-aught reveal—
Which-their-dull-skonses-cannot-easily-reach,
Love-of-the-carkass,—*an-inept-appeal*—
To-uncertain-papers,—*a-false-formal-fetch*—
Of-feigned-sight,—*Contempt-of-poor-wretch*.'
Song of the Soul.

The present admirable Number of the EDINBURGH REVIEW luckily delivered us from the enthusiastic intolerance and blind zealotry of the Quarterly Review; and its first excellent article upon the Life and the Writings of Swift, put us at once in good humour with ourselves. The writing of this article is truly eloquent, if eloquence consists in leaving upon the mind not only an acknowledgment, or even a powerful conviction of truth upon the mind, but a portion of the same feeling with which the author is himself inspired. We really cannot think of any other comprehensive definition. None, we think, with principles above the level of those of a hireling party-scribbler, or of a sleek court-favourite, or of a blind and bigoted Tory, can read that article without feeling his former abhorrence of Swift, and his hatred of the infamous principles which governed him, increased ten-fold. Mr. Coleridge's Poem comes next, which is with great justice consigned to eternal contempt. To the article 'On the Liberty of the Press,' we need not give any higher praise, than that it is worthy to be placed along with the other articles on the same subject which the Edinburgh Review

has produced. But we hasten on to the superb article on 'Dugald Stuart's Dissertation prefixed to the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica.' To give any analysis of a piece which every one has read, would be useless; but we cannot refrain from expressing at once our unbounded admiration of the various talents of the writer, and the delight and instruction which we have received from his performance. We do not, indeed, remember any prose composition, since the days of Burke, in which so much elegance of fancy, and stateliness of diction, have been joined to so much profoundness and originality of thinking, and the hardihood and severity of philosophy. The Number is altogether a magnificent one; and, in conclusion, we cannot help at once lamenting the deplorable blindness, and marvelling at the deplorable stupidity, which, to all this splendour of eloquence, originality of view, vivacity of wit, and comprehension of mind, can prefer the uniform heaviness, the servile pedantry, the obscure dulness, the bigotry, and the partialities of the Quarterly Review.

ART. VIII.—*A Description of the principal Picturesque Beauties, Antiquities, and Geological Phenomena of the Isle of Wight.* By Sir H. C. ENGLEFIELD, Bart. *With additional Observations on the Strata of the Island, and their Continuation in the adjacent Parts of Dorsetshire.* By THOS. WEBSTER, Esq. *Illustrated by Maps, and numerous Engravings, by W. and G. COOKE, from original Drawings by Sir H. ENGLEFIELD and T. WEBSTER.* pp. xxxiii. and 242, with 50 plates. Imperial 4to. 7l. 7s. Large paper, 10l. 10s. Payne and Foss, 1816.

SIR H. Englefield is almost the only person of his religion in the United Kingdom who aspires to the character of a man of science; most others of the same faith having no higher pretensions than that of being merely men of letters. Yet, in all ages and nations, men have spoken of the votaries of knowledge as forming a republic, in which there are neither exclusive prerogatives, immunities, nor penalties, and certainly its cultivation in this country is absolutely free to every description of per-

sons. The natural sciences are of no sect, no party, but perfectly accessible to all who seek an acquaintance with them, or esteem their influence. If every thing which exists be designed for the benefit of our species, if man be endowed with rational faculties in order that he may exercise them in exploring the nature and economy of surrounding bodies, then natural knowledge must be advantageous to society, and whatever tends to obstruct or regard its progress must be injurious. Science has never been cherished by the zealous followers of Mohammed, or by the adherents to the Roman See. It is not, however, the province of the naturalist to bewilder himself in seeking remote causes; it is sufficient that he develope facts, and enable less inquisitive observers to draw their own inferences. In a patriotic and moral view, indeed, it may be matter of regret that this author has so few coadjutors among those of the same religious creed; the friend of science may also lament the paucity of fellow-labourers in Portugal and Spain, where there is no lack of intellectual faculties, while he beholds with prudent suspicion the atheism of France striving to avenge itself by imbecile efforts to trace the mechanism of nature. Nevertheless, the result must finally be propitious to society; and it is now well ascertained, that a profound knowledge of natural phenomena is an excellent safeguard against the heartless deterioration of infidelity, and the gloomy ferocity of superstition. With this conviction, we necessarily view every attempt to render natural knowledge more familiar to the public, as a service not merely to science, but also to morality and social happiness.

Sir Henry Englefield's works may be divided into three distinct parts: first, the geography, and (as he chooses to call them) the 'picturesque beauties' of the Isle of Wight; second, Antiquities, especially those which relate to architecture; and third, the Geology, or rather the Stratification of the Island. Mr. Webster's letters are chiefly occupied with geological phenomena, elucidated by perspicuous topographical observations, together with some historical and architectural remarks. With the geographical details we shall not long detain the reader; the island is of a rhomboidal form, about 22 miles and 5 furlongs from west to east, and $13\frac{3}{4}$ miles from north to south; it contains about 98,320 statute acres; in 1777 its resident population was 18,024; in 1800, 22,097; and in 1812, 24,120. Sir H. corrects an error of a few seconds which appears in the Trigonometrical Survey, respecting the lat. and long. of West Cowes Castle, occasioned, most probably, by the observer mistaking the mast of a ship in the offing for the flag-staff of the Castle.

His description of the valleys and the picturesque scenery is generally accurate, but less animated than we should have expected from an occasional writer of verses; and one who has so happily depicted the indelicate *Waltz* lately introduced into this country. The "inscription for a monument to the memory of those seamen whose bodies, from the wreck of the Royal George, were cast on the beach at Ryde, Isle of Wight, and buried in a small meadow under the woods of St. John's, near that place," contains some good lines; but the author should have avoided every sentiment which savours of a tenet certainly not well adapted to excite pensive melancholy in the minds of protestants. As to his "picturesque beauties," we shall only recommend them to the attention of those itinerant asses who now roam about during the summer months in foreign countries, where they may exercise their eyes, but can neither speak nor understand the language of the people.

After describing Wight, Sir H. gives a short account of the "Solent Sea, or the Channel which separates the island from the mainland of Hampshire." Its breadth, from Fort Monckton to Ryde, is only three miles, and its depth in the harbour of Portsmouth, from 18 to 10 fathoms; from Egypt, near West Cowes, to Leap, on the Hampshire coast, is less than two miles; at Yarmouth it is three miles broad; but from Worsley's Tower to Hurst Castle, is not more than three quarters of a mile. "This castle is most singularly situated at the end of a long bank of shingle, extending in a curve line nearly two miles from the Hampshire coast. The spot on which it is founded must be of uncommon solidity, as the depth of the Channel, close to the Castle, is no less than 33 fathoms, and the tide pours through it with so rapid a stream, that at certain times the best four-oared boat cannot stem it. The Castle therefore stands, and has long stood, on the brow of a sub-marine cliff, 200 feet high, and very nearly perpendicular." Were this place 100 leagues from our own shores, it would long have been the theme of admiration and speculation; but as it is at home, no notice is taken of it, and even the velocity of its currents is still very imperfectly known. West of Hurst Castle is a large sand bank, called the Shingles, a circumstance no little extraordinary where there are such impetuous currents. On this bank, of which several hundred yards are dry at low water, many vessels have been wrecked. Sir H. observes,

"The current of the tides in the Solent Sea is not only extremely rapid, but the rise of the water and hour of high water, are subject to very singular irregularities, which can only be accounted for by an attentive consi-

deration of the shape and position of the island and its adjacent coasts. In the Southampton river there are two high waters at every tide. This may be explained as follows: The tide of flood, which runs from the westward, enters the Southampton water in a direction much declined from its current, and is moreover impeded in its progress by the descending ebb in that river. Its velocity up that branch is therefore much decreased, and it fills that basin but slowly. The water of the Solent Sea, when it begins to ebb, draws down with it a part of the water from the Southampton branch; and the ebb at Southampton is from one to two feet; but when the whole body of the ebbing waters runs westward in the British Channel, a considerable portion of them enters the Solent Sea at Spithead, and, as the Southampton branch is almost in the direct line of their current, and closed at the upper end, so much of them runs up the Southampton river, by Calshot, as not only to stop the ebb in that river, but to produce a second high water there, generally rather higher than the first. In the other inlets on either side of the Solent Sea, something of the same effect is perceptible, though not in so striking a degree; but in all of them the high water is produced by the action of the ebbing waters in the middle of the Solent Sea; and singular as it may appear, the high water on the Bramble Sand, scarcely a mile and half from Cowes harbour, precedes that of the harbour by full two hours. The same thing happens with respect to the high water at Spithead and in Portsmouth harbour: but it is extremely difficult to obtain from the seafaring men any accurate information on this curious subject.

"To this account of the Solent Sea, it may be proper to add some mention of the great and singular change which has, within no very distant period of time, taken place in its shore about Ryde, and which seems still to be proceeding sensibly. When Fielding, in 1753, was at Ryde, on his voyage to Lisbon, he describes it as totally inaccessible by sea, except at or near high water; as the tide, on its recess, left a vast extent of mud too soft to bear the lightest weight. This mud bank is now entirely covered by a stratum of fine white sand, smooth and firm enough to bear wheel carriages, and which renders the bathing at all times equally safe and agreeable. This bed of sand now reaches to Binshead, having covered at least two miles of the shore within the last half century; and the inhabitants say that it is still extending to the westward. On digging through the sand, the old mud presently appears, the sand stratum being very thin. To what cause this change is owing, it is difficult to guess; but it is an example of the alternation of deposits from the action of the sea, in circumstances apparently unchanged, which may afford cause for reflection to the geologist. When this extensive and almost level beach, after having been exposed to the sun for nearly eight hours, is covered in calm weather by the flowing tide, the water is warmed by it to a degree scarcely to be expected in our climate. On the 17th of August, 1801, the sea off Ryde raised a very good thermometer to 73° of Fahrenheit, and as there was a light air from the north, of which the heat was only 65°, the feel of the sea was quite that of a warm bath. In some small pools left by the tide, I have seen the water as high as 80°."*

Before examining the author's geological researches, we shall

* "The heat acquired by even running water, in a hot summer, in this climate, has not, that I know of, been noticed. I have seen the Thames in its most rapid stream, above Richmond, at 75°, after a long duration of hot weather."

notice his remarks on the "Antiquities of the Isle of Wight." From a quondam President and Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries, we certainly expected some originality of inquiry on this subject; but Sir H. only mentions the barrows which are found here the same as in other parts of England, (it would have been more correct to compare them to the barrows between North Morden and Trayford, Sussex,) the long stone at Mottiston, and the five Roman coins which apparently had been accidentally dropped, as no other vestiges of the Romans have been discovered in the island. No remains of Saxon or other entrenchments now exist, and Carisbrook Castle he considers of a date prior to the Norman invasion. The ruins of Quarr Abbey and Carisbrook Priory, with the Hermit's Cell on the top of St. Catherine's Hill, are particularly noticed, and also the architecture of the different parochial churches: but these are now common-place topics, unsupported by any original authorities, and familiar to every illiterate trader in English architectural antiquities. Of the original inhabitants of Wight, or of the probable period of its disjunction from the mainland, Sir H. has neither ventured a conjecture, nor related any traditional or historical intelligence. It is singular, that a man who avowedly has no objection to the character of *Heartall*, and who even dedicates the present volume to a lady, should have entirely overlooked the native inhabitants of this island. This is the more extraordinary, as his friend, Bishop John Milner, when speaking of them, completely threw off the monk and re-assumed the man. The inquiry, however, is much more interesting and important than the historian of Winchester supposed. The history of a people, who have retained their primitive character during upwards of thirteen centuries, (we might say twenty,) must always interest the judicious antiquary and moralist. It was the Jutes who landed on the Isle of the Wight about the same period that the Saxons, under Ella, became masters of Chichester. The Jutes were the descendants of the ancient *Getae* and *Pelasgi*, whose character, both moral and physical, they in a great degree retained and transmitted to their posterity, the present Vectians. The parallel between the ancient, the middle-aged, and the modern people, would be both curious and instructive. It is the precise province and even duty of an antiquary who is sufficiently learned and scientific for the undertaking. The inquiry also would illustrate the history of language and of the human mind. The *Pelasgi* were so denominated from their supposed resemblance to storks, in consequence of their dulness and nomade lives; they were the

ancestors of the *Getæ*, who extended themselves to the shores of the Baltic and North Sea. A colony of them settled on the Peninsula, now called Jutland, whence, like their ancestors, still impelled not less by avarice than curiosity, they migrated to Britain, and particularly to the Isle of Wight and adjacent countries, retaining always many physical and moral traits of their primitive character. Thus, for instance, the roundish heads, snow white skin, thick neck*, broad chests, and corresponding voice, of the Pelasgi and *Getæ*, are still seen in the inhabitants of Jutland, and the natives of the Isle of Wight. The ancients also being an unlettered and not very ingenious people, were unable to transmit their names to posterity, and hence the oblivious obscurity into which they have fallen; the modern Jutlanders are universally esteemed the least ingenious of his Danish Majesty's subjects, and in our own country, the Isle of Wight has furnished very few philosophers. Had Bishops Burgess and Marsh turned their attention to the physical character of those ancient people whose language they have laboured so much to illustrate, they would both have found good reasons to change some of their opinions, and to support their arguments by an indispensable appeal to facts. To the literary antiquary a knowledge of physiology is as necessary as that of history. Had Sir Henry attempted to investigate this subject, he would have found a new and fertile field of inquiry, which no one has yet thought of, and which would present some views of antiquity infinitely more interesting than all the vulgar paths of antiquarian research. Unfortunately, in an evil hour, the Isle of Wight became a military station, (or, if we must so call it, *depot*,) and its primitive inhabitants, who are a short living race, (the majority dying under forty,) are very nearly extinct. In the valleys of the Compton Downs, and other remote parts of Sussex and Hampshire, some unmixed branches of them still remain, the same as some lineal descendants of the Greeks are found at Guadix, and other valleys of Granada, in Spain: but their uncontaminated existence must be of very short duration, and when the genuine race is totally extinct, our antiquaries may then perhaps institute abortive inquiries respecting their origin and history.

* This is not the place to investigate minutely physiological phenomena; it may, however, be observed, that the facts alluded to are much better explained by the physiological views of Dr. Spurzheim, than by those of any other physiologist, and that they directly contradict the opinions of a very well-informed and able writer, Mr. Alex. Walker, and some other speculators, who have hastily oppugned Spurzheim's theory, and written nonsense about the functions of the Cerebellum, in Thomson's *Annals*.

Having noticed our author as a geographer, poet, and antiquary, we now come to his principal character in this work, that of a geologist. In this capacity he has evinced much good sense, by wisely associating an able assistant. The form of Wight has already been mentioned; it is very nearly divided, longitudinally, by a ridge of chalk hills running through its greater diameter east and west: on the north side of this ridge and of the island, nothing but alluvial soil appears; on the south side is a parallel chain of ferruginous sand; about the centre of the island are two beds of green sand-stone, and at its southern extremity several high ridges of chalk occur, in a direction transverse to the central ridge; the latter is nearly equally divided by the well-named river Medina, and each end of it throws off northern ramifications, or downs, sometimes digitated, coralliform, or resembling antlers. A more minute detail of the various directions and windings of the chalk downs would not be intelligible without the aid of plates. The elevation of this central chalk ridge is, in general, greater at the west than the east; at Mottiston Down it is 700 feet above the sea; Afton to the west, and Brook Down to the east, are nearly the same; the height between Freshwater and the Needles is above 600 feet; Ashey and Brading are not very much less. The chalk in this range is generally compact, but not much more so than most of the chalk ranges in the south of England, as the author alleges. At the Arreton pit, and other parts, the strata are often divided only by "a thin layer of a soft powdery chalk, and sometimes, though rarely, the surfaces of the strata are in contact, each face having a sort of striated appearance, and not absolutely flat but wavy. This is observable in the chalk of the South Down range, and it seems not easy to account for it. It much resembles in look the very singular surfaces found sometimes in the Derbyshire lead mines, which are there called Slikensides, and have the extraordinary property of exploding when scratched or bruised." We shall presently see that this appearance occurs in other parts of England, and that it depends most probably on a slip of the strata. The following is the discovery which Sir Henry thinks himself justified in claiming as exclusively his own, namely, the shattered state of the flints in some strata of the Isle of Wight, and their great inclination.

"Besides the beds of flints which separate the strata, detached nodules are also found scattered sparingly through the most solid parts of the beds; and sometimes flints may be seen in a third state, namely, filling, in thin sheets of very considerable extent, the fissures which run through many of the strata, cutting them, in general, at nearly right angles to the plane of

the strata. These fissures are seldom above two inches wide, and the plate of flint which fills them seems to have been formed from each side towards the centre, which often contains some loose calcareous powder, enclosed between the two silicious plates. The flints are not, in general, quite so black as those of other chalk strata, but full as fine-grained and pellucid, except where they are debased by iron, which not unfrequently happens, even to make them decompose. All the flints above described, except those detached nodules in the body of the strata, are universally found in a most extraordinary state: they are broken, in every direction, into pieces of every size, from three inches diameter down to an absolutely impalpable powder. The flints thus shivered, as if by a blow of inconceivable force, retain their complete form and position in their bed. The chalk closely invests them on every side, and till removed, nothing different from other flints can be perceived, excepting fine lines indicating the fracture, as in a broken glass; but when moved, they fall all at once to pieces. The fragments are all as sharp as possible, and quite irregular, being certainly not the effect of any peculiar crystallization, or internal arrangement of the materials, but merely to external violence. This new and most extraordinary appearance was first observed in a small pit on the Shorwell road, just beyond the parting of the road to Yarmouth; but no opportunity was afterwards omitted of examining both the cliffs and the pits, in many parts of the whole range, and the appearances were every where nearly similar, differing only in the circumstance that, in some places, the flint seemed to have been more generally and completely shattered than in others. The places particularly investigated were, beginning east and proceeding west, Whitecliff-bay, Brading shute, pit on Brading-down, Hollow road at Knighton, Arreton pit, pit above Sladeridge, pit just out of Carisbrook-town, and that south of Carisbrook-castle, Freshwater-cliffs, and cliffs in Allumbay."

The circumstance of shattered flints is not of so rare occurrence as Sir H. supposes; wherever slips of the strata occur, or where the flintless chalk has risen to the surface of the ground, we there generally find shattered flints, as in the chalk-ridge between Guildford and Farnham, vulgarly called the Hog's Back. The author also observes, that the extraneous fossils common to chalk are not very abundant in that of the Isle of Wight, that "a repeated examination of the pits, in almost every part of the island, afforded only one echinus in flint;" but many specimens of a large shell, resembling the great pinna, are found. Silicious echini are not so very plentiful in any of our greater chalk ridges, nor could we observe any very remarkable difference, in this respect, between the chalk ridges of Wight and those of equal elevation in Sussex, Surrey, or Kent; but, in the lower ranges in Norfolk, echini and bivalves are much more numerous. Sir H. also remarks, what is very common, that the "shells which lay in the chalk were of a calcareous substance, striated or fibrous, at right angles, to the surface of the shell; but those specimens which lay near flints were, in some degree, silicious, a portion resisting the action of acids, and retaining their form,

though so honey-combed, as to be easily crushed in the fingers. Some fragments were found in the middle of black flints, not imbedded, but perfectly immersed in the silicious substance." Shells, in similar states, are numerous in the chalk-pits near Croydon. In the Isle of Wight, the author has found the strata vary in position through all the gradations, from horizontal to vertical. In Allum Bay, immediately north of the Needles, Sir H. truly states, that

"The clay strata appear in a directly vertical position; not, however, as in Whitecliff-Bay, separated by ravines, and clothed on the top and sides by vegetation; but as an immense series of points, with a sort of concave sides, bare, rugged, and continually mouldering down. The colours of these singular points are most striking. The blue and red clay, seen in a small quantity at Whitecliff, here form vast separate strata; and when the sun shines they look like striped silk. To these tints are added several strata of the brightest ochreous yellow, and some of clay and sand quite white, among which a thick bed of black, aluminous shale forms a striking contrast to all the rest. These vertical stripes of the richest colours [certainly the brightest coloured strata in England,] seen from a little distance at sea, form a spectacle more extraordinary than can be imagined. These erect strata do not continue above a quarter of a mile, and a deep narrow ravine separates them from the undisturbed and horizontal strata in the cliff which divides Allum-Bay from that of Totland. The horizontal strata are heaved, or lifted up, and are abruptly broken off at this point, exactly as the same strata are heaved and broken in the northern part of Whitecliff-Bay. From among these strata several small springs issue, strongly impregnated with iron, and leaving in their course a copious ochreous sediment; and from the stratum of black shale rises a spring, which, besides the chalybeate taste, has, in a strong degree, the sweetish austere savour of allum."

We now come to the *experimentum crucis* of geologists, the origin or formation of flint in chalk, on which the author speaks with singular decision, considering the peculiar delicacy of the subject, and the want of all determinate data for legitimate induction.

"It is scarcely possible," he observes, "to quit this subject without a few observations, both on the formation of flint in general, and on the possible causes of the shattered state of the flints in the chalk range of the Isle of Wight, a state probably entirely peculiar to the island, and not hitherto noticed by any naturalist. With respect to the formation of flint itself, it cannot be doubted that this separation of the silicious matter from the calcareous took place after the formation of the strata; and that the flints were not, as it would appear at a first glance, deposited in alternate strata with the chalk. The extraneous fossils found in the chalk often afford singular proofs of this: many echini are seen filled with flint, which has, after completely filling the cavity of the shell, formed a large bulb at the orifice of it, as a viscid fluid would do. In many instances, the lamellated calcareous matter into which the echini are converted [very often, we should rather say, of which they were originally composed,] is enclosed in flint, which therefore must have formed round it, and that at a period later than

The enclosure of the shell in the chalk, as there had been time for the destruction of the original shell, or at least for its conversion into that peculiar substance, previous to its enclosure in flint. In the remains of the very large shells already noticed in the Freshwater cliffs, some fragments of the same shell are imbedded in chalk, and others enclosed, or rather immersed in flint. Many of the great fissures in the chalk, which must have taken place long after the whole mass had attained a great degree of hardness and solidity, as they run through many strata without in the least disturbing them, are invested with pure flint; sometimes totally filling them up, and sometimes not. The plates of flint thus filling these fissures, must have been deposited in them at a period later than that of the formation of the nodules of flint, either those in strata, or those found separately scattered through the substance of the chalk. What agent has in this manner, at two different times, separated the silicious from the calcareous matter? and how could the flint, when separated, form itself into masses in the solid chalk? [it is useless to frame questions which directly contradict all our ideas of probability, and even of possibility;] for it cannot be supposed, that the flint only ran into cavities before empty, as in that case some of the cavities ought to be found either totally or partially void; but no such have been discovered in chalk."

As to the concussion which deranged the direction of the strata and shattered the flints, the author's hypothesis has neither novelty nor value to induce us to analyse it. The formation of the chasm, now the Solent Sea, and the subversion of the strata, he conceives to have been contemporary. He admits that he has seen shattered flints, "nearly reduced to powder, like those in the Isle of Wight, in the great pit on the west side of Greenwich hill, and in the pits above Brighthelmstone." But so far were we from considering shattered flints as any peculiarity, that we never saw any chalk strata changed from their horizontal position, without also having shivered flints. With respect to the origin or formation of flint, in vast masses of chalk, he certainly has added nothing to our knowledge; still less has he ventured to give any account of the various conjectures (perhaps we might say hypotheses,) which have been adduced by Parkinson and others on this subject. Had he indeed not embarrassed rather than elucidated the inquiry, we might have admired his prudence, at the expense of his ingenuity; but the gratuitous interrogative respecting the formation in solid chalk, must deprive him even of this consideration. An opinion has been entertained, that flint in chalk must be owing to the presence of animal matter; an assumption which, if once admitted without evidence, would certainly furnish an explanation of many of the phenomena. But chemical facts do not favour this notion, as admitting that the animal matter might yield ammonia; yet the latter, we know, is, of all the alkalies, the worst solvent of silex. We can,

however, readily conceive, that if a sufficient quantity of alkali were present to dissolve the silicious matter, it would soon be precipitated by the carbonic and sulphuric acids, and in this manner the flint nodules in chalk might be formed. That sulphuric acid was present, cannot be doubted, as we find not only pyrites accompanying flints, but many of the shells are actually coated with, or are now composed of, gypsum. On the other hand, it has been alleged, that all the forms which these nodules assume, may be traced to sponges, and that a careful comparison of the one with the other would satisfy any rational inquirer, if not of their identity of origin, at least of their otherwise inexplicable similarity. A gentleman of Salisbury (Mr. Shorto,) has evinced great industry and acuteness in collecting flints, and contrasting them with sponges, to establish this theory, which, however ingenious and plausible, is beset with numerous, and we fear insuperable difficulties. But, however this may be, Sir Henry's ideas of the posterior formation of flint in chalk, are altogether inadmissible, as we cannot conceive the possibility of its formation, except in a state of general fluidity, and of chemical action. No mechanical agency, however powerful, could be alone sufficient for such a stupendous production.

The author notices the singular circumstance of St. Boniface's well, and the fact of good peat for fuel being dug off the top of Dunnose. A stratum of limestone extends from Cowes to St. Helen's, which has a cellular appearance, in consequence of the shells in it perishing; yet it is of considerable durability, and at least equal to the hardest Kentish rag. "Cowes Castle is built with it, and in that very exposed situation, after a lapse of near three hundred years, the angles of most of the stones are as sharp as the day they were cut. The old quarry at Binstead, out of which a great part of the cathedral of Winchester was built, appears to have been nearly of the same quality, although rather a finer grain. This quarry, probably, gave the name to the abbey of Quarr, or De Quarrariis." It is now exhausted, and no others are wrought, although Mr. Webster found the same kind of stone west of Cowes, as far as Allum Bay; it belongs to what this geologist calls, the "upper freshwater formation," and abounds in a great variety of shells, particularly of the *Cerithium* species, *ostreae*, &c.

We must now leave the baronet, to notice the labours of Mr. Webster, whose letters form considerably the greater part of this volume. But on this head we must be brief; and it is not so necessary to enter minutely into all his observations, as many of

them has since appeared considerably improved, in the Transactions of the Geological Society. He notices the address of the farmers in preparing manure from chalk marl, by exposing it to the winter rains, after which, it cracks in spring, and falls to pieces with the slightest blow. This friable property serves to distinguish it from chalk, which it resembles in colour. At Compton Chine he observed the fossil trees, which are from one to two feet thick, and ten or twelve long, but not mineralized: around them lay what are vulgarly called Noah's nuts, which resemble hazel nuts, although no hazel now grows on the island. The timber is soft, and has been made into furniture. At Brook Point he saw masses of a coaly blackness, resembling the charred trunks of trees, lying on the beach, imbedded in the clay cliffs, and also in the rock. Some parts retained the ligneous fibre, others were converted into a substance like jet, intensely black, cross fracture conchoidal, and its lustre very great. Other parts of the trees were penetrated by pyrites, which are often finely crystallized. On raising up the sea weeds, which grow on the shore between high and low water mark, Mr. W. discovered almost all the rocks below them composed of petrified trees, still in their original forms: they were of various dimensions, from that of a slender branch to two feet in diameter, and eight or ten long: the knotty bark, and the ligneous fibre, were very distinct; and they were frequently imbedded in masses of clay, now indurated, and in the state of an argillaceous rock. "Some parts of these trees were converted into iron stone; and other parts consisted of a great variety of substances, being partly calcareous, siliceous, ferruginous, pyritous, bituminous, and ligneous: and the whole exhibited a beautiful example of the astonishing processes of nature, in converting vegetables into coal, and in filling their substance with solid rock." The action of the waves on the land has exposed this petrified or mineralized wood to the eye of the curious observer. In Afton Down there is a considerable variety of flints, and numerous fragments of silicized alcyonia of the ramified and globular species. At the Arreton pit Mr. W. found a circumstance, the same as at Guildford, which he imagines no mineralogical writer has noticed; namely, that "many of the divisions between the beds of chalk, as well as the diagonal fissures, are filled with argillaceous marl, and sometimes even with leafy clay." The author's observations on the coast of Dorsetshire, and particularly on Purbeck, are generally accurate, and his descriptions of the appearances singularly perspicuous and comprehensive. His account of the

numerous fossils found in those parts, may perhaps induce some of the more thoughtful travellers to visit that country, previous to their continental excursions; lest foreigners, as often happens, should indulge a smile at their credulity and ignorance. A very perfect fossil turtle has been found there, and now in the possession of Mr. Bullock, besides several other kinds of rare animals and bones. One thing deserving particular notice in Mr. Webster's letters, is their general exemption from crude theories: he is a patient and impartial observer of facts, which he never once twists to any preconceived notions: a rare merit in the present day, when our language and country are disgraced by having some "scribbling stage-coach geologists!" These galloping observers of natural phenomena, like the makers of books on agriculture, can see all nature from the top of a coach, and do not hesitate to describe the physical, topographical, and agricultural state of our country, with as much, and more confidence than Mr. Webster, or any other philosopher, who walks deliberately and attentively over the spots to be examined. Hence our English geologues and agriculturists have justly become the scoff of all Europe: and there is now scarcely a georgical writer in Germany, Italy, or even in Spain or Portugal, who does not occasionally indulge a smile at the inexplicable ignorance and imbecility of the English agriculturists. But what is infinitely more grievous, their ridicule is too well founded: and almost every new work purporting to treat of agriculture, seems destined only to augment the disgrace of the English press on this important subject.

Respecting the vertical and other positions of the strata in the Isle of Wight, Mr. W. seems to agree with Sir Henry in thinking them peculiar. Perhaps these authors may both be pleased to learn, that there are other parts presenting considerable inclinations of the strata. In the Hog's Back, between Guildford and Farnham, about three quarters of a mile N.E. of Puttenham, there is a chalk pit where the strata are at angles of more than 45° , where several of the flints are shivered; and, what is more, where the chalk has received a very fine *polish*. The slip of the strata and its effects are here very conspicuous. A little west of this pit, and nearer Puttenham, also on the south side of the ridge, is another pit of flintless chalk, which proves to be an excellent manure, as the corn over the place where this chalk comes to the surface, is incomparably better than in other parts. Both pits are in the estate of Mr. Birkbeck, a gentleman who has favoured the public with some

very judicious, and, considering the short period of his tour, very correct observations on the state of agriculture in France. Had all our agriculturists but a tenth part of his knowledge, we should have less occasion to blush at the ignorance, credulity, folly, and, we fear, in some cases, knavery, of the London writers about agriculture.

The following is the author's summary of his observations on Wight, and its adjacent shores.

" Order of the Upper Strata of the South-East part of England, deduced from a Series of Observations, made for Sir Henry Englefield, in the Years 1811, 12, and 13, by Thomas Webster, M. G. S.

" ALLUVIUM. The ruins, or detritus of regular strata, formed either by the present existing causes, or by some extraordinary and unknown agents. It is composed chiefly of water-worn fragments of flints, mixed with sand and clay in various proportions.

" Upper Fresh-water Formation. This, in the Isle of Wight, consists of a calcareous rock, in which numerous fossil fresh-water shells are imbedded. It agrees in character and situation with the corresponding formation in the basin of Paris, and all other parts of the continent of Europe. Traces of a fresh-water formation are to be observed also in the London basin, between the alluvium and London clay, consisting of marl with fresh-water shells, and containing, also, numerous bones of land animals, as the elephant, hippopotamus, buffalo, elk, ox, &c. These have been found chiefly at Sheppey, Brentford, Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk. In other places, as at Sheppey, Emsworth in Sussex, &c., vast quantities of the fruits of tropical countries have been found in a corresponding situation.

" Upper Marine Formation. This bed consists of bluish, or greenish, marl and clay, containing a great number of fossil marine shells, which, in general, are different from those found in the London clay. It is known in this country, with certainty, only in the Isle of Wight.

" Lower Fresh-water Formation. This formation is ascertained in the Isle of Wight. It is placed under the last, and consists of clay, marl, and sand, with vegetable matter resembling an imperfect coal, or peat, and contains numerous fragments of fresh-water shells. At the bottom is found a mixture of marine with fresh-water shells. As the alternation of marine with fresh-water strata has not been observed in any other part of this country except the Isle of Wight, the traces of a fresh-water formation in the London basin cannot perhaps be referred to this.

" Sand without Shells. In the Isle of Wight this sand is extremely pure; it is dug at Allum-bay, and is used for making the best glass. The Bagshot sand, perhaps, belongs to this; and, possibly, the Greyweathers; but the positions of these have not yet been accurately determined.

" London Clay. This is the blue clay of London, Highgate, Brentford, Sheppey, Portsmouth, Stubbington, Hordwell, Southend, Harwich, &c. It is distinguished by its septaria, and its beautiful and numerous organic remains. In Allum-bay it is the most northerly of the vertical strata. Bognor rocks are subordinate to this bed. It agrees in its fossils and geognostic situation, with the lower beds of the *calcaire grossiere* of the Paris basin.

" Plastic Clay and Sand. The clay in this formation is often extremely pure, and fit for the potter. It is much employed in the potteries in

Staffordshire. It is seen in Allum-bay, the trough of Poole, and at the bottom of the blue clay in many parts of the London basin; an imperfect coal, or lignite, also frequently occurs in it. This formation corresponds to the French plastic clay, which lies over their chalk.

"*Chalk with Flints*. This formation in England extends from Flamboroughhead, in Yorkshire, to a little beyond Lyme Regis, in Devonshire [Dorsetshire], and, where it is not covered by the beds above, forms chalk hills or downs. It is distinguished by the regular layers of flint nodules.

"*Chalk without Flints*. The inferior bed of chalk in the south-east part of England is always without flints. When the chalk with flints is wanting, it forms the surface. The relations of both may be seen at the Culver, and Compton-bay, in the Isle of Wight, Handfast-point, Beachy-head, Guildford, Dorking, &c. It differs from the former only in the absence of flints, in the beds being thicker, and the chalk being sometimes a little harder.

"*Chalk Marl*. This bed consists of chalk and an intimate mixture of clay: it is always found below the two last strata. It may be readily distinguished from chalk, by its falling to pieces on being wetted and dried again. Some varieties of it, when burnt, form an excellent cement for building. It is also a valuable manure.

"*Green Sand-stone*. The formation to which I have given this name, consists of silicious sand united by calcareous matter, and contains also mica and green earth. From the variety in the proportion of the latter ingredient, it is by some divided into the green-sand and grey-sand, a distinction which cannot always be made, since these alternate and pass into each other. It is found in the weolds of Kent and Sussex, at the foot of the Chalk Downs; and is dug at Ryegate and Measham, for firestone. It is seen also at Folkstone, Beachy-head, the Culver, and Compton-bay, in the Isle of Wight, Pewsey, in Wiltshire, &c. Alternating with it, are often beds of limestone, as at Maidstone, in Kent, where they are called Kentish rags, also in the Undercliff, Isle of Wight. Beds of chert occur in it. It abounds in organic remains.

"*Blue Marl*. This bed may be seen under the former very distinctly in the Isle of Wight, as at Sandown Bay, many parts of the Undercliff, Niton, and Compton. It contains very few fossils.

"*Ferruginous Sand*. This denomination is given also to an alternating series of silicious sand-stone, clay, and lime-stone: the sand-stone contains always more or less oxyde of iron, sometimes in such quantity, as in the weolds of Kent and Sussex, that it was formerly [and still is at Ashburnham,] employed as an iron ore. The clay tracts of the weolds belong to it. This formation may be also seen at Sandown Bay, Blackgang and Compton Chines, Swanwich Bay, Hastings, Tunbridge Wells, &c. Fossil shells are rarely found in it, but carbonized wood is met with in abundance.

"*Purbeck Shell Limestone*. This formation consists of numerous beds of shells and fragments of shells, cemented together by calcareous spar, and alternating with shells and marl. The Purbeck, and perhaps the Petworth marbles, form part of this series: and it is further remarkable for containing numerous fresh water shells, and bones of the turtle: hence it is not improbable that part of it may have been found in fresh water.

"*Clay with Gypsum*. At Swanwich in Dorsetshire this is dug under the shell limestone. The gypsum does not occur in great quantity, but is employed for plaister.

"*Portland Oolite*. This includes the stone of Tillywhim and Windspit quarries, called the Purbeck Portland, and that from Portland island. It is

entirely calcareous, and is formed of small grains or concretions adhering together. It is the only stone used for the fronts of public buildings in London. Some of its beds contain many marine fossils, also fossil wood and chert.

"*Bituminous Shale, containing the Kimmeridge Coal.* This may be seen at Kimmeridge, Encombe, and the Isle of Portland. It is the lowest stratum visible in that part of the country to which the above observations have extended."

To the above are annexed the heights of certain places, as measured either by the barometer or trigonometrically; in the Isle of Wight, Culver Cliff, 259 feet; top of Bembridge Down, 355; St. Boniface's Well, 355; St. Catherine's Lighthouse, 830; ditto Brow of the Cliff, 591; Guardhouse on Blackgang headland, 400: these measurements were made with the barometer; the following were by trigonometry: Top of Shanklin Down, or Dunnose, 792; Mottiston Down, 698; and Nine Barrow Down, Dorset. 642; and Handfast Cliff and Down, Dorset. the former is 352, the latter 584 feet high by the barometer.

The unmeaning term, "London clay," is particularly objectionable; some of the statements also admit of very great exceptions; but the public are much indebted to Sir Henry Englefield, and Mr. Webster, for such a collection of facts, which must be highly advantageous to those who are prevented from personally visiting those interesting districts, as well as important in refreshing the memory of those who have previously viewed them. It would be injustice to talent, not to notice Mr. Webster's admirable drawings, sections, and views, on a large scale, of all the different geological phenomena mentioned; and it rarely happens that one person can manage both his pencil and his pen, as Mr. W. has done, with equal skill and elegance.

Monthly Register

OF

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

** * The Conductors of the AUGUSTAN REVIEW request scientific and literary men, and also Editors and Publishers, to favour them with authentic information relative to inventions, discoveries, and improvements in Arts and Sciences; Notices of works preparing for publication, and of those recently published; which will be thankfully received, and communicated to the public in the subsequent Number, if sent to the publishers (post paid) before the 20th of the month.*

I.

INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, AND IMPROVEMENTS, IN ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Zoology.

ON Thursday, the 7th ultimo, the Royal Society assembled after the long vacation; but, unfortunately, its revered President, Sir Joseph Banks, although in a state of comparative convalescence, was still unable to take the chair. Sir Everard Home, a Vice-President, furnished a short paper on the comparative anatomy of the *Lumbricus Marinus* and *Lumbricus Terrestris*, contrasted with the *teredo navalis*. These worms have all red blood; burrow in wood or clay; have muscular stomachs, and their blood is aerated by means of tubes in their backs. After many abortive attempts to trace the mode in which their blood circulates, Sir E. was assisted by Mr. Cliff, who macerated the worms in vinegar, which coagulated their blood, and enabled him to discover the spot where the arteries and veins ramified, and to make accurate drawings of the parts. The common earth-worm has an artery along its belly, and a vein along its back, in which are apertures to imbibe air, and answer the purpose of lungs. The *Lumbricus Marinus* has a small and scarcely perceptible organ, which Sir E. considers as a heart, near the centre of the body, where the arteries from the head unite, and where the veins separate, to supply the extremities. The sea-worms Sir E. examined on the coast of Sussex.

On the 14th, Dr. Rawlinson Johnson presented, through the medium of the President, a paper containing some remarks on the natural history of the *hirudo vulgaris*, or the *hirudo octoculata* of Linnæus. Dr. J. was induced to denominate this leech *h. vulgaris*, as the *h. tessulata* has also eight eyes. It is found under stones in rivulets; is from an inch to an inch and half long; it copulates like snails; is oviparous, and the ova are quick in three weeks, and break the kind of capsule in which they are enveloped in two months. The author thinks that all the leech genus must be oviparous. The *h. vulgaris* deposits from six to twenty or thirty ova, which are often destroyed by other leeches. It is of a blackish brown colour, with spots on the upper side, and greenish underneath. It has no organ like a heart, but it pulsates eight times in a minute.

Medical Galvanism.

Nov. 21, Dr. Wilson, of Worcester, communicated to the R. S. some additional particulars respecting the effects of galvanism on asthma. He states that spasmodic asthma is a disease of comparatively rare occurrence (for

which the smoke of stramonium has been advantageously used); that nervous asthma is very common; and that in the application of galvanism he has failed in giving relief to only one in ten, while the great majority has been permanently relieved. He uses plates four inches square, and generally begins with only four or five, and increases them up to thirty, which is the greatest number any patient could bear. The acid he uses is very weak, being only one part muriatic acid to twenty of water; he continues the operation generally from five to ten minutes before the patient announces a relief in breathing. All persons can bear the galvanic battery to be more powerful at first than afterwards. The conducting wires are applied to the nape of the neck and the pit of the stomach, or rather lower, the parts being covered with tin foil; and the points are to be moved.

To the above facts the writer of this can add his own experience, in six or seven cases, all of which found some relief from the application of the galvanic fluid; but he cannot state that he was so fortunate as to effect a perfect cure in any one. The advantage, however, was well worthy the trouble of the experiment; and perhaps, ultimately, it may appear that about one-fourth are permanently relieved: an extraordinary fact in medical practice, for which the public are indebted to Dr. Wilson. It may be proper to add, what Dr. W. has not noticed, that, notwithstanding the tinfoil, the galvanic fluid invariably blisters the parts to which it is applied; and that it is in consequence of those blisters, and the consequently increased conducting powers of the blistered parts, that patients are unable to bear, perhaps, a sufficiently powerful battery. In some cases blisters are raised, in a few minutes, at the very first application, and they degenerate into ulcers, which continue open several weeks.

Antiquities.

The Society of Antiquaries assembled on the same evening as the Royal Society; its transactions being, in general, less interesting, it is seldom so numerously attended. A paper was communicated by Mr. Bray, the treasurer, detailing some particulars of the ceremonies and expenses of the king of the revels, or lord of the masks, in the 16th and 17th centuries. This notable person played the part of a king, had his ministers, chancellors, &c. and all the parade of mock-majesty; the details of which have been published by the late Mr. Brand. The present account was derived from some papers purporting to contain the expenses incurred by one of the kings of the revels, in the family of Moore, at their seat near Guildford, Surrey. It appears that a Christmas king, or lord of revels, even in the 17th century, cost £2000. in the Temple, to amuse the gentlemen of the long robe, at which the lord mayor and aldermen attended in their court-dresses. The royal household often lent articles of dress to assist in decorating the attendants of the mock-king. A minute account of the expenses, in 1629, of one of these entertainments was related; but it would be a waste of time to repeat them; moreover, the paper occupied three nights in reading, and was not even then finished!

It is remarkable that this Society has never turned its attention to *literary* antiquities; every thing respecting royalty has been ransacked and detailed, *ad nauseam*, while the history of our language, its progress and formation, the origin and mutations of our laws, the popular customs, &c. have been almost entirely overlooked by the Society of Antiquaries in its corporate capacity. France long boasted of an "Academy of Inscriptions;" Italy and Spain have similar establishments; but the London Antiquaries waste their time in recording the most useless and insignificant court-fooleries, and neglect those researches which might illustrate our language, and permanently benefit society. The Antiquaries of Scotland have evinced more general views, and consequently treated more important subjects.

II.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Printing at Macao, under the Patronage of the Honourable East India Company, a Dictionary of the Chinese Language. By the Rev. Robert Morrison. To consist of three Parts. Part 1, Chinese and English, arranged according to the Chinese Radicals. Part 2, Chinese and English, arranged alphabetically. Part 3, English and Chinese. It will be published in Parts, at Half-a-Guinea each; and the whole expense will not exceed Ten Guineas.

Miss A. C. Mant, Author of *Ellen*; or, the Young Godmother, &c. &c. will shortly publish, in Two handsome Volumes duodecimo, *Montague Newburgh*; or, the Mother and Son: a Tale. It will be illustrated by an elegant Engraving, and printed on a fine paper.

The Continuation of Miss Burney's *Tales of Fancy* is expected in the course of a few weeks.

Mrs. Ann Plumptre is preparing for publication a Narrative of her late Residence in Ireland, which will be illustrated by Plates of remarkable Scenery.

Mr. Alexander Jamieson, Author of the *Treatise on the Construction of Maps*, &c. will speedily publish, in One Volume duodecimo, the *Cavern of Rose Ville*; or, the *Two Sisters*. Translated from the French of Madame Herbster. It will be embellished with an elegant Copper-plate Engraving.

The Rev. W. N. Darnell is printing a Volume of Sermons on Practical Subjects.

The Correspondent, consisting of Letters, Moral, Political, and Literary, between eminent Writers in France and England, and designed by presenting to each Nation a faithful Picture of the other, to enlighten both to their true Interests, promote a mutual good Understanding between them, and render Peace the Source of a common Prosperity. In Octavo Numbers. To be continued every Two Months. No. I. will appear in January, price 5s. sewed.

The Rev. J. Nightingale has in the press, in a Quarto Volume, *English Topography*; or, a Description of the several Counties of England and Wales, with a Map of each County.

Dramas, by Sir James Bland Burges, Bart. are printing, in Two octavo Volumes.

Some Account of the Life and Writings of Lope Felix De Vega Carpio, by Henry Richard Lord Holland, a New Edition, with Additions, in Two Volumes, small octavo, will shortly appear.

A Series of Letters from the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield to Mr. Arthur Stanhope, relative to the Education of his Son Philip, the late Earl, are preparing for publication.

The Prisoner of Chillon, a Fable; the Dream; Darkness; the Incantation, &c., by the Right Hon. Lord Byron, will appear in a few days.

Works preparing for Publication. 651

A New Weekly Publication, entitled the **LITERARY BEE**; or, the New Family Library, will appear within a few days. It will consist of Moral and Critical Essays; Classical Tales; Poems; Descriptions of remarkable Ruins, and of sublime and beautiful Scenery; with Pictures from real Life, and Essays on the Manners and Customs of different Nations. By some of the best British and foreign Writers of the present Age.

Tales of My Landlord. Collected and reported by Jedediah Cleishbotham, Schoolmaster and Parish Clerk of Gaudercleugh. In Four Volumes duodecimo.

Barron Field, Esq. of the Inner Temple, is printing, in Two octavo Volumes, a Practical Treatise on the Commercial Law of England.

Mr. Maclachlan, of Old Aberdeen, will soon publish a Volume of Medical Effusions.

An Essay on the Political Life and Character of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan will shortly appear, in an octavo Volume.

An Account of the singular Habits and Circumstances of the People of the Tonga Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean. By Mr. William Mariner, of the Port au Prince, private Ship of War; the greater Part of whose Crew was massacred by the Natives of Lefoo-ga: Mr. Mariner remaining, for several Years after, a constant Associate of the King and the higher Class of Chiefs. To which will be added, a Grammar, a copious Vocabulary of the Language, and a Portrait. Two Volumes, 8vo.

An Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the Bengal Native Infantry, from its first Formation, in 1757, to 1796, when the present Regulations took place. Together with a Detail of the Services on which the several Battalions have been employed during that Period. By the late Capt. John Williams, of the Invalid Establishment of the Bengal Army. 8vo. with Plates.

Mr. T. Dibdin is preparing for the press, the posthumous Dramatic Works of the late Mr. Benjamin Thompson, which will be published by subscription for the benefit of his widow and six children.

The Rev. C. Simeon, of King's College, Cambridge, will soon publish, in octavo, Four Discourses preached before the University in November, 1815.

In the press, and will be published in January next, Memoirs and Remains of the late Rev. Charles Buck, collected and arranged from his Papers, and interspersed with observations illustrative of his Character; to which is added, a Brief Review of his various Publications. By John Styles, D. D.

Nearly ready for publication, in Two Volumes 8vo., a Descriptive Catalogue of Recent Shells, arranged according to the Linnean Method, with particular Attention to the Synonymy; to which is subjoined a copious Index of the Synonyms used by previous Conchological Authors. By L. W. Dillwyn, F. R. S. and F. L. S.

Honorary Member of the Geological Society of London, the Linnean Society of Philadelphia, &c.

A Complete Course of Instruction in the Elements of Fortification; originally intended for the use of the Royal Engineer Department. By Lieut.-Col. C. W. Pasley, R. E., F. R. E., Author of an Essay on the Military Policy of Great Britain. 2 vols. 8vo. Illustrated by five Copper-plates, and five hundred Engravings on Wood.

A Translation of La Croix, *Traité Élémentaire de Calcul Différentiel et de Calcul Integral*, with Notes by — Babage, B. A., St. Peter's College; G. Peacock, M. A., Trinity College; and T. F. W. Herschell, M. A., St. John's College, Cambridge.

Q. Horatius Flaccus ad fidem Textus Ricardi Bentleii, plerumque accommodatus et brevibus notes instructus. Editet Thomas Kidd, A. M. e Coll. S. S. Trin.

The Franklin Manuscripts, noticed in May last, are in a forward state for publication.

A System of Mechanical Philosophy, by the late John Robison, LL.D., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University, and Secretary to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. With Notes and Illustrations, comprising the most recent Discoveries in the Physical Sciences. By David Brewster, LL. D., F. R. S. L. and E. In Four Volumes 8vo. with numerous Plates.

Mr. Geo. Cumberland has prepared for the press a Work on the Commencement and Progress of the Art of Engraving, as far as relates to the advantages Art has derived from the productions of the Italian School.

The Rev. G. G. Scraggs, of Buckingham, has in the press, in Two duodecimo Volumes, Questions resolved in Divinity, History, Biography, and Literature.

III.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

ANTIQUITIES.

The History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster. By E. W. Brayley; with Architectural and Graphic Illustrations, by J. P. Neale. Part I., with fine Engravings; Folio, to correspond with Dugdale's Monasticon; and Imperial and Royal Quartos.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford. Drawn from original Correspondence and authentic Papers never before published. By William Coxe, Archdeacon of Wilts. A new Edition, in Four Volumes 8vo. 2l. 8s. boards.

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